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# POETRY

BY

*The Author of Gebir:*

AND

A POSTSCRIPT

*TO THAT POEM,*

WITH REMARKS ON SOME CRITICS.



*Sharp*

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POETRY

The Author of *Colin*

A POSTSCRIPT

TO THE FORM

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL



CONTENTS

OF THE

WORKS OF

THE AUTHOR



## ADVERTISEMENT

Introduction to the Story of *Crysaor*.

**HARDLY** any thing remains that made ancient Iberia classic land. We have little more than the titles of fables—than door-posts, as it were, covered over with gold and gorgeous figures, that shew us what once must have been the magnificence of the whole interior edifice. Lucan has wandered over Numidia, and Virgil too at the conclusion of his *Georgics*, has left the indelible mark of his footstep near the celebrated pharos of Egypt. But, in general, the poets of Greece and Italy were afraid of moving from the latest habitations of their tutelary gods and heroes. I am fond of walking by myself; but others, who have gone before me, may have planted trees, or opened vistas, and rendered my walks more amusing. I had entered on a poem \* connected in some degree

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\* "The Phœceans."

## ADVERT (ii) PREMENT

with the early history of Spain; but doubtful whether I should ever get thro' it, and grown every hour more indifferent, I often sat down and diverted my attention with the remotest views I could find. The present is a sketch.

than the sites of battle—then doors, as it were, covered over with gold and gorgeous figures, that show us what once must have been the magnificence of the whole interior edifice. Lucan has wandered over Numidia and Vaga too at the conclusion of his Georgia, has left the indelible mark of his footstep near the celebrated pharos of Egypt. But, in general, the ruins of Greece and Italy were silent of more and from the legends of their singular gods and heroes. I had no idea of waiting by myself; but others, who have gone before me, may have planned more or opened vistas and rendered my walks more amusing. I had intended on a poem \* committed in some degree

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## STORY OF CRYSAOR.

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COME, I beseech ye, Muses! who, retired  
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,  
Yet know the realms of ocean, know the laws  
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court  
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name;     5  
Who from your sacred mountain see afar  
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorate  
The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods;  
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing  
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main;     10  
And what befel, and from what mighty hand,  
Cryfäör, sovereign of the golden sword.  
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,  
Left all his temples, all his groves, be crush'd.  
By Pelion piled on Ossa: but the fire     15  
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm  
Around, and all below was wild dismay:  
Again—'twas agony: again—'twas peace.  
Cryfäör still in Gades tarrying,  
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,     20  
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,

No pine surrender'd by retreating Pan,  
 Nor ash, nor poplar pale; but swoln with pride  
 Stood towering from the citadel; his spear  
 One hand was rested on, and one with rage 25  
 Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side;  
 His frowning visage, flush'd with insolence,  
 Rais'd up oblique to heaven. "O thou," he cried,  
 "Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,  
 Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou can'st, 30  
 The last appeal I deign thee or allow.  
 Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,  
 Adored myself by millions? why invoke,  
 Invoked with all thy attributes? men wrong  
 By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice, 35  
 Either the gods, their rulers, or themselves:  
 But flame and thunder fright them from the *Gods*,  
*Themselves* they cannot, dare not—they are ours,  
*Us*—dare they, can they, *us*? but triumph, Jove!  
 Man for one moment hath engaged his lord, 40  
 Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.

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V. 41. *Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.*

It may seem contradictory that merchants should be mentioned here, when in verse 166 it is expressly said

"Nor ever had the veil-hung pine outspread  
 O'er Tethys *then* her wandering leafless shade."



No! lower thy sceptre, and hear Atrobal,  
 And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.  
 My children, said the sage and pious priest,  
 Mark there the altar! tho' the fumes aspire

45

But *foreign* merchants are not necessarily understood. Those who cannot disengage the idea of slave-merchants from the Europeans in Guinea, may still recollect that there were some native ones in that country antecedent to our own, and that the princes themselves sold their prisoners to any of the neighbouring tribes. It does not require the practise of navigation to make or sell slaves. The petty princes of Hesse and Hanover have within our own memory committed this outrage on humanity, like their brethren the petty princes of Negroland; with this one difference—that the former calculated how much more valuable the cargo would be to the taskmaster if employed in the ruin and slaughter of those whom he had rendered his enemies, than in merely tilling the earth like the African, and therefore set a greater price on the service of a few years, because that service was *summary*, than their brethren of Negroland usually do on a gentler and less degrading one for life.

This poem describes a period when the insolence of tyranny and the sufferings of mankind were at the utmost. They could not be so without slavery; and slavery could not generally exist without some sort of barter. Merchants then were necessary. It appears that Crysaor, wicked as he is represented, had no personal share in it's propagation. He encouraged it. But, a Sovereign who is powerful enough, either by the fears or affection of his people, to abolish from amongst them this inhuman traffic, and who makes not one effort, uses not one persuasion, for that purpose, deserves the execration which followed, and the punishment which overtook Crysaor. Every man, instead of waiting with awe for some preternatural blow, should think *himself* a particle of those elements which Providence has decreed to crush so abominable a monster.

Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,  
 'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.  
 Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed!  
 Fronting the furious lustre of the sun,  
 I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams 50  
 Only when quite meridian, then abased  
 These orbits to the ground, and there surveyed  
 My shadow—strange and horrid to relate!  
 My very shadow almost disappeared!  
 Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear 55  
 With blood enough will I refascinate  
 The cursed incantation: thou restore,  
 And largely; or my brethren, all combined,  
 Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive  
 Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest, 60  
 Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."

The smile of disappointment and disdain  
 Sat fallow on his pausing lip half-closed;  
 But, neither headlong importunity,  
 Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence, 65  
 Let loose the blast of vengeance: heaven shone bright,  
 Still, and Cryfäör spurn'd the prostrate land.  
 But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind  
 (Criminal mostly for enduring crimes—)  
 Provoked his indignation, thus befought 70  
 His trident-sceptred brother, triton-borne.  
 "O Neptune! cease henceforward to repine.

They are not cruel, no—the destinies  
 Intent upon their loom, unoccupied  
 With aught beyond it's moody murmuring sound, 75  
 Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh:  
 And wherefor weep, O Neptune, wherefor sigh!  
 Ambition? 'tis unworthy of a God,  
 Unworthy of a brother! I am Jove,  
 Thou, Neptune. —happier in uncitied realms, 80  
 In coral hall or grotto samphire-ciel'd,  
 Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells,  
 Thou smootheest at thy will the pliant wave  
 Or liftest it to heaven.—I also can  
 Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid 85  
 Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.  
 Tho' absent, thou hast heard, and hast beheld,  
 The profanation of that monstrous race,  
 That race of earth-born giants—one survives—  
 The rapid-footed Rhodan, mountain-rear'd, 90  
 Beheld the rest defeated; still remain  
 Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,  
 Sandy and fultry, and each hopeless path  
 Choaked up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,  
 The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace. 95  
 Cryfäör, Sovereign of the golden sword,  
 Still hails as brethren men of stouter heart,  
 But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegroean fields.  
 No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,  
 Unfeeling, scarce ferocious; flattery's dupe 100

He fancies that the gods themselves are his;  
 Impious, but most in prayer:—now re-assert  
 Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rocks,  
 Sever him from mankind.” Then thus replied  
 The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main. 105

“ Empire bemoan I not, however shared,  
 Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse:  
 No!—mortals I bemoan! when Avarice,  
 Plowing these fruitless furrows, shall awake  
 The basking Demons, and the dormant Crimes, 110  
 Horrible, strong, resistless and transform  
 Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.  
 What is Ambition? What but Avarice?  
 But Avarice in richer guise arrayed,  
 Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien’d, 115  
 Her brow uncroft by care, but deeply markt,  
 And darting downwards ’twixt her eyes hard-lasht  
 The wrinkle of command.—could ever I  
 So foul a fiend, so fondly too, carefs?  
 Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds.” 120

Tho’ seated then on Africs further coast,  
 Yet sudden, at his voice, so long unheard—  
 For he had grieved, and treasured up his grief—  
 With short kind greeting, meet from every side  
 The Triton herds, and warm with melody 125  
 The azure concave of their curling shells



Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,  
 He glided thro' the deep, and now, arrived,  
 Lept from his pearly beryl-studded car.

Earth trembled—the retreating tide, black-brow'd, 130

Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd

The promontory's base: but when the God

Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,

Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky

Was darkened with their fragments ere they fell. 135

Lygea vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,

Spio with sparkling eyes, and Berœ

Demure, and sweet Iônê, youngest-born,

Of mortal race, but grown divine by song—

Had you seen playing round her placid neck 140

The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,—

O! who had call'd them borders of a storm!

These, and the many sister Nereïds,

Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,

All, unsuspecting of the dread intent, 145

Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks

Of terror plunge amid the closing wave:

Still, just above, one moment more, appear

Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.

Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege 150

Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurs'd

The stars, the destinies, the gods—his breast

Panted from consternation, and dismay,

And pride untoward, on himself o'erthrown.

From his distended nostrils issued gore, 155  
 At intervals, with which his wiry locks,  
 Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed:  
 And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice  
 More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon  
 Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts 160  
 Wasted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.  
 But answer heard he none—the men of might  
 Who gather'd round him formerly, the men  
 Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,  
 Were far—enormous mountains interposed, 165  
 Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spread  
 O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade:  
 Nor could he longer under wintry stars  
 Suspend the watery journey, nor repose  
 Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed; 170  
 No longer, bulging thro' the tempest, rose  
 That bulky bosom; nor those oerlike hands  
 Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived  
 The bluest shore—threw back opposing tides.  
 Shrunken mid brutal hair his violent veins 175  
 Subsid'd, yet were hideous to behold  
 As dragons panting in the noontide brake.  
 At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,  
 And stifling all within his deadly grasp,  
 Struggling, and tearing up the glebe, to turn; 180  
 And from a throat that, as it throb'd and rose,  
 Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,

155 Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,  
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia! lo o'erthrown 185  
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king!  
160 Ah! thrice twelve years, and longer, ye endured  
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope  
That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,  
The abomination!—hence 'twas Jove's command 190  
That, many hundred, many thousand, more,  
165 Freed from one despot, still from one unfreed,  
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.  
Her hath he sent among ye; her, the pest  
Of men below, and curse of Gods above: 195  
Hers are the last worst tortures they inflict  
170 On all who bend to any kings but them.  
Born of Sicanus, in the vast abyfs  
Where never light descended, she survived  
Her parent; he omnipotence defied, 200  
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds;  
She tho' the radiant ether overpower'd  
175 Her eyes, accusom'd to the gloom of night,  
And quenched their lurid orbs, Religion's helm  
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch, 205  
Till then, Astræa! tho' behind the Sire's  
180 Broad egis, trembledst on thy golden throne.

## THE PHOCÆANS.



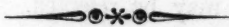
THE Phocæans were a nation of Ionia, who founded several cities, in Italy, in Sicily, in Corfica, and in Gaul. Their war with a prince of the latter country, where they afterwards built Marseilles, is the main subject of this poem. The circumstances described in the following extracts are historically true. On leaving Phocæa, which Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, was besieging, and who, afraid of driving them to despair, is said to have connived at their departure, they threw into the sea a mass of burning iron, and swore that, until it should float, unextinguished, on the surface, they never would return. Their bravery in the cause of liberty, they thought, would entitle them to the protection of the Grecian states. But, what they in vain expected from their allies, was afforded them at the court of Arganthonius in Spain. In their voyage to Gaul they were attacked by the Carthaginians, whom, tho' unequal in number of ships, they totally defeated. This gives the poem it's first important movement; but as there is no allusion to it here, it is sufficient just to mention it. The whole of their history, that is extant, may be comprised in a very few lines. I shall be able to blend with it some actions of other nations, with which, tho' they were relatively, they were not immediately concerned. These nations will promote the catastrophe, and



heighten the interests, of the poem. But, I have not perfected my plan. It even is possible that the greater part of the *first* extract may be rejected. This, instead of a reason for withholding it, is a very sufficient one, with me, for it's insertion. The celebrated historian of the *decline and fall of the Roman Empire* has informed us how many times he recommenced that work, before he acquired the *key and tone* most proper for his performance; and we all recollect the story of a painter, no less celebrated, who exhibited one of his pictures for the express and sole purpose that the public might mark it's defects. For my part, I wish to ascertain not merely whether the poetry be good, but whether it be wanted—whether so much of the Iberian affairs be proper in this place, on any condition? For the *second* I make no apology. Unless as an extract from an unpublished poem, it requires from me less sollicitude than any thing else that I have ever written. The remainder I shall not continue, till I can visit the country where the scene is laid: since, for works of this nature, not poetry alone, but chorography too is requisite.



## FROM THE PHOCÆANS.



HEROES of old would I commemorate.  
 Those heroes, who obeyed the high decree  
 To leave Phocæa, and erect in Gaul  
 Empire, the fairest heaven had e'er design'd;  
 And, borne amidst them, I would dedicate 5  
 To thee O Liberty the golden spoils.  
 For, Liberty, 'tis thou whose voice awakes  
 Their sons, from slumber in the setting beams  
 Of scepter'd Power, and banishest from Earth  
 Tho' tardier than hell's heaviest cloud she move, 10  
 And leave behind the wizard cup and sword—  
 Circæan soul-dissolving Monarchy.

Say, daughters of Mnemosyne and Jove,  
 Speak, hearts of harmony! what sacred cause  
 United, so long sever'd, in debate, 15  
 Pallas and Neptune? 'twas when every god  
 Flew shuddering from the royal feast accurst,  
 With Ceres, most offended, these ordain  
 Th' eternal terror of proud thrones to rise:  
 Such among eastern states Phocæa stood, 20  
 Such, amid Europe's oaken groves retired.

Now had Priené mourn'd her murder'd swains,

Who late ascending Mycalé, released  
 The pipe, and sitting on the way-side crag  
 Temper'd the tabor to their roundelays: 25  
 Of brittle ivy, from the living stone  
 Stript off with haste, before their partners came,  
 Chaplets to ward off envy they combined,  
 To ward off envy, not to ward off death,  
 Nor to survive themselves: now with amaze 30  
 Meander, rising flow from sedgey bed,  
 Sees soaring high the white-wing'd multitude  
 Of cranes and cynets, like a sunny cloud,  
 Nor till they circle lower, distinguishes  
 The aerial blue between, and feeble cries 35  
 From thin protended throat: Pactolus tore  
 His yellow hair with human blood defiled,  
 And spurn'd his treacherous waves and tempting sand.  
 Of cities, built by heroes, built by Gods,  
 Throughout the Ægæan, Asia now surveyed 40  
 None but Phocæa free: her bolder youth  
 The galling yoke of gifted peace disdain.  
 On far Iberia's friendly coast arrived,  
 Rich streamers, snatched from conquest, they display;  
 And Persic spoils, in sportive mockery worn, 45  
 Flutter and rustle round the steeds, that rear'd  
 Amid the caverns of the genial winds,  
 On Tagrus' top, start side-long from the tide.  
 All are advanced to manhood for the hour.  
 With sweet solicitude and fearful joy, 50

Each mother from the shaded ship descries  
 Her son amid the contest, and her son  
 Or now excels each rival in the race,  
 Or if behind them will ere long excel.

Naarchus, whose attemper'd hand heaven-taught, 55  
 Directed thro' wide seas and wearying straits  
 To rich Tartessus the Phocæan sails,  
 Now, leaning back against a stranded skiff,  
 Drawn till half upright on the shelving beach,  
 Turns idly round the rudder in it's rest, 60  
 And hardly thinks of land; warm youth attracts,  
 As amber sweet, the wither'd reed of age.  
 Such, on the banks of Hermus, on the banks  
 Of that most pleasant of all sacred streams,  
 For 'twas the nearest to his native home, 65  
 And first that exercis'd his crooked oar,  
 Now distant, swelling forth with sweet regrets!—  
 Such was Naarchus! steadfastly he gazed,  
 And harmless envy heav'd one mindful sigh.

Meanwhile, with Euxenus, and Hyelus, 70  
 In council sage, but stricken sore by years,  
 And Cimos, firm in friendship, firm in fight,  
 And more, whose wisdom, and whose bravery,  
 The hallowed bosom of but few records,  
 Men, high in nature, high in sphere, of souls 75  
 That burn in battle, or that shine in peace—  
 Protis, the son of Cynus, in the halls



Of Arganthonius, suppliant, thus implores  
 His peace, and his protection. "Mighty king,  
 If ever thou injuriously hast borne 80  
 The rage of ruthless war, and surely war  
 Hath envied, and hath visited, a realm  
 So flourishing, so prosperous, behold  
 The scattered ruins of no humble race."  
 Amid these words, a little from the ground 85  
 He rais'd his aching eyes, and waved his hand  
 Where over citron bowers and light arcades  
 Hung the fresh garlands fluttering from the mast:  
 Then paused; the hoary monarch, stung with grief,  
 Sate silent, and observ'd the frequent tear 90  
 Flow bitterly from off each manly cheek,  
 Uninterrupted! for the hero's soul  
 Flew back upon his country's wrongs, and grown  
 Impatient of the pity it required,  
 Sunk into sorrow: thus, his foes had said, 95  
 Had foes e'er seen him thus, the helpless child  
 Putting one arm against it's mother's breast,  
 Holds out the other to a stranger's hand,  
 But, ere receiv'd, it weeps: th' Iberian king  
 Then answer'd, "Just and holy are the tears 100  
 Of warriors; sweet as cassia to the Gods,  
 To man and misery they're the dew of heaven.  
 But wherefor thus disconsolate! this arm  
 Might heretofore have rescued and avenged,  
 And now perhaps may succour." He embraced 105

The stranger, and, embracing him, perceived  
 His heart beat heavy thro' his panting vest;  
 Then thus continued, "we too have endured  
 Insulting power, insatiate avarice,  
 But ere the wrongs we suffer'd half were told 110  
 The sun, more rapid now his rays decline  
 Would leave the Atlantic wave." The patriot chiefs,  
 Around, burn each to hear his own exploits  
 And see the history open on his name.  
 Fain would they seize congenial glances, fain 115  
 Force attestation from the question'd eye:  
 So pants for Glory, Virtue nurs'd by war,  
 That, some amongst them to their neighbours turn  
 Not for their neighbours notice but their king's.  
 Hymneus was present, of Milefian race, 120  
 But he disdain'd his country, and preferr'd  
 One struggling hard with tyranny, to one  
 Where power o'er slaves was freedom and was rights,  
 Nor man degraded could but man degrade.  
 The harp, his sorrow's solace, he resumed, 125  
 Whose gently agitating liquid airs  
 Melted the wayward shadow of disgrace,  
 And, bearing highly up his well-stored heart  
 Above the vulgar, bade him cherish Pride.—  
 Mother of virtues to the virtuous man, 130  
 Her brilliant heavenly-temper'd ornaments  
 Tarnish to blackness at the touch of vice.  
 Sometimes the sadly quivering soul-struck wires

Threw a pale lustre on his native shore;  
 When suddenly the sound "*Conspirator*," 133  
 How harsh from those we serve and those we love!—  
 Burst with insulting blow the enchanting strain,  
 And the fair vision vanish'd into air.  
 The pleasant solitude of sunny beach,  
 The yellow bank scoopt out with idle hands, 140  
 And near, white birds, and further, naked boys,  
 That, o'er the level of the lustrous sand,  
 Like kindred broods, seem ready to unite,  
 The tempest whirls away,—and where they stood  
 Up starts a monster, that, with hiss and howl, 145  
 Seizes the wretch who runs to loose it's chains.

When Arganthonius saw him, he exclaim'd  
 "Hymneus! and thou too here! thy glowing words  
 Could once, arousing in the warrior's breast  
 Enthusiastic rage, sublime the soul 150  
 So far above the rocks where Danger broods,  
 That she and all her monstrous progeny  
 Groveling, and breathing fire, and shadow-winged,  
 Become invisible.—O thou of power  
 With magic tones Affliction to disarm! 155  
 Thou canst conjure up fury, call down hope,  
 Or whisper comfort, or inspire revenge.  
 Rise! trace the wanderings of thy comrades, shew  
 What men, relying on the Gods, can bear."  
 He ended here, and Hymneus thus began. 160

Long has Tartessus left her fertile fields,  
 And, but by forest beast or mountain bird,  
 Seen from afar her flocks lie unconsumed;  
 The maids of Sidon, and the maids of Tyre  
 To whom proud streams thro' marble arches bend, 165  
 Still bid the spindle urge it's whirring flight  
 And waft to wealth the luxury of our woes.  
 Thus without lassitude barbaric kings  
 Shall midst their revels read our history;  
 And thou too, warm to fancy, warm to grief, 170  
 In hall and arbour, shade and solitude,  
 Whose bosom rises at the faintest breath  
 From dizzy tower, dark dungeon, stormy rock,  
 But rises not, nor moves, to public pangs—  
 Woman! our well-wrought anguish shalt admire! 175  
 And toy-taught children overtake our flight.  
 But we have conquer'd:—hear me valiant youth!  
 Untired, and pressing for the course; O hear  
 Ye fires, whom stormy life's vicissitudes  
 At length, have driven on no hostile shore, 180  
 O hear me, nor repine; but cherish hope,  
 And fortune will return and cherish you.  
 We utter'd soothing words from sickening hearts,  
 And with firm voice in flight and rout proclaim'd  
 That we would never yield, would never fly: 185  
 While thus, revived by confidence, they rose,  
 Fortune gave weight to fancy's golden dreams,  
 And, more than hope dared promise, time perform'd.

Thus from some desert rock, which every tide  
Drenches and deluges, the mariner 190  
Marks the uneven surges rolling, marks  
The black pods rattling as the wave retires,—  
And now another!—high he folds his arms,  
He groans, looks earnest on, and is resign'd.  
Danger and safety this dread interval 195  
Brings close; the billow self-suspended hangs;  
The tide had reach'd it's highest, and has ebb'd:  
While distant, now appearing, now unseen,  
His comrades struggle up the fluted surge,  
Their strength, their voices, wreckt! the spring approach'd;  
The fields and woods were vocal with the joy (200  
Of birds, that twittering from the thin-leav'd broom  
Or close laurustin, or the sumach-tufts  
Gay, nest-like, meditated nought but love.  
Ah! happy far beyond man's happiness, 205  
Who ever saw them wander o'er the waves  
For guilty gold, or shiver on the shore  
For life-wrung purple to array their breast?  
Theirs cherish, ours repudiate, chaste desire!  
In vain was nature gay; in vain the flocks 210  
With fond parental bleatings filled the fold;  
In vain the brindled heifer lowed content  
To crop the shining herbage, or to brouze  
The tender maple in the twilight dell.  
Cold, O ye flocks and herds, the hand will be 215  
That fed ye, cold the hand that sweetly tuned



It's pipe to call ye to your nightly home,  
 Or gave the feebler dog encouragement  
 To drive the wolf away ! vain care—the wretch  
 Who slew your shepherd, at the altar's horn 220  
 Slays you, to celebrate his victory.  
 The Tyrians now approach ; a thousand oars  
 Heave with impatient sweep the whitening surge  
 To seize Tartessus in the noon of peace.  
 The very zephyr now, that cool'd our coast, 225  
 Plays in the bosom of their sail, and smooths  
 Each rising billow ; never more appall'd  
 The hind that cultivates Vesuvio's slope,  
 When with dull dash the fiery tide o'erflows  
 The pumice that surrounds his humble cot, 230  
 Than was Tartessus. Olpis first espied  
 The naval host advancing ; now delay  
 Were death ;—he loosen'd the relaping rope  
 From his left elbow, and the toils above  
 Dropt sounding on the surface of the waves. 235  
 He ran ; nor enter'd he the city gate  
 Ere, interrupted oft, by haste, and fear,  
 In accents loud and shrill he thus began.  
 “ Fly, fly, what madness holds you in your streets ?  
 The Tyrians are behind ; they climb the rocks 240  
 Light and unnumber'd as the brooding gulls.—  
 O fly, Tartessians ! not a hope remains.”

Incontinent, the noisy streets are fill'd

With young alike and old ; the mother runs  
 To save her children, playing in the court, 245  
 Improvident of ill, and grasps their wrist,  
 Hurrying them onward, till they weep, and ask  
 " *For what ?*" and whining plead the promised hour,  
 Now threaten loud, and now again in tears.  
 No more the murmuring labor of the loom 250  
 Detains the virgin, who, with patient hand,  
 But fluttering heart, the whitest vesture wove  
 For him she loved so tenderly, for him  
 Who soon arising from the nuptial couch,  
 Would scatter mid the warbling wanton choir 255  
 The lavish nuts, would hear their bland adieu,  
 And seize the pleasures they were taught to sing.  
 Here were the fathers sitting ; they were seen  
 To wave their tremulous hand, and bid them go  
 Whose life is green and vigorous, " *for you* 260  
 The sun will ripen many vintages,  
 But we are prone to tarry, cruel Tyre  
 Scarcely can drag the dying in her chains."

The throbs of urgent terror now subside  
 In all, and every one his earnest arms 265  
 With pious anguish throws around them, prays  
 To lead them into refuge, prays to strow  
 The bed of age, and close the beamless eye.  
 Alas ! too confident in hoary hairs,  
 God's gift, but not God's blessing—they refuse 270

The proffer'd kindness; and their parted limbs  
 Hung upon hooks, with patriot gore distain'd  
 The walls they once defended! ah! thy day  
 Rolls on; a victim to the very sword  
 Thyself unsheathest, I behold thee fall; 275  
 Nor help in any near—that help; O Tyre!  
 Blind to the future, why hast thou destroyed?  
 Were it not better to extend the hand  
 T'ward rising states, than proudly crush them? realms  
 Which stand on ruins insecurely stand. 280  
 But wherefor turn our eyes to other climes  
 Which fate has frown'd on!—tho' her frowns I dread,  
 I deem it first of human miseries  
 To *be* a tyrant, *then* to suffer one.  
 'Tis true, we left our city, left our fields, 285  
 O'er naked flints we travel'd, and review'd  
 What once we held so dear: the eye of youth  
 Saw, tho' the tear would often intervene,  
 And shake their branches, and suspend their bowers,  
 The groves that echoed to his horn, or waved 290  
 With gales that whilom whisper'd notes of love:  
 He saw; and linger'd long; for seldom fear  
 Invades a bosom harbouring regret.  
 But others hasten'd to the far-off heights  
 Of Calpé: there a hundred grottoes gleam 295  
 High-archt with massy spar; from hence descend  
 Columns of crystal, ranged from side to side  
 In equal order; there the freshest Nymphs

Bring water sweet, and glide away unseen.  
 But hither few arrive, now darkness reigns 300  
 Around; but weary of the slow-paced hours  
 One lifts his eyes above, and, trembling, views  
 The moss and ivy shake with every wind  
 Against the yawning cavern; every wind  
 He deems a spectre's yell; and every beam 305  
 Shed from the clouded orbit stops his flight.  
 One, when molested from their lone abode  
 The birds of omen rise aloft in air,  
 Shrill-shrieking, and on whirring pinion borne  
 Sidelong, and circling o'er the pinnacles, 310  
 In turbid agitation thinks he hears  
 His infant, faintly wailing, or his wife  
 From far, imploring help he cannot give;  
 And wishes he were dead, yet fears to die.  
 'Twere piteous now, had pity past ourselves, 315  
 To hear sometimes the long-drawn moan of dogs,  
 Sometimes their quick impatience, while they fought  
 Fond master, left behind, or headlong dash'd  
 Where faithless moonshine fill'd the abrupt abyfs.  
 From waken'd nest, and pinion silence-poiz'd, 320  
 Th' huge vulture drops rebounding;—first he fears;  
 Looks round; draws back; half lifts his cowering wing;  
 Stretches his ruffled neck and rolling eye,  
 Tastes the warm blood, and flickers for the foe.

Some, seated on the soft declivity, 325

Sink into weary slumber; others climb  
 The crumbling cliff, and craggy precipice,  
 To none accessible but him who fears.  
 Thus, to the mountain-brake, that overhangs  
 A valley dark and narrow, flies the kid 330  
 Before a lion: he from far espies  
 The penfile fugitive, nor dares pursue;  
 But gazing often, with tremendous roar  
 Shakes from his thirsty throat the fretful foam.  
 Here, love, ambition, labor, victory, 335  
 Injustice, vengeance, Hercules forgot.  
 Forgot how proud Laomedon, from Troy's  
 High summits, knew the hero, knew the steeds  
 That paw'd the plain beneath, and all the king  
 Shrunk, and the perjurer alone remain'd. 340  
 Here mournful Theffaly no more occur'd,  
 Deserted by her shepherds, while the neck  
 Of roving oxen 'soften'd from the yoke..  
 Here hospitable Scyros he forgot;  
 Here Tempé, fresh with springs, with woods embower'd;  
 Larissa too, whose glowing children vied (345  
 In pæans, vied in tracing where the throng  
 Around the quiver, markt the hand, of strength  
 To lift on high the shafts of Hercules.  
 While thro' the bulrushes the hero slept, 350  
 Slow, and intently looking round him, waved  
 His torch, and blue-eyed Lerna, lily-crown'd,  
 Shook at the shadow of a future God.



'Twas there he started, matchless in the race;  
The race was run; and Calpé was the goal. 355

'Twas here Tartessus, in distraction, fled  
Before the steel of Sidon; she with Tyre  
Unfurl'd the sail of conquest, Oceans rose  
To waft her, suns to strow the yielding way.  
Hers were the realms of Night—each star was hers. 360

But Venus far above the rest, whose orb's  
Meek lustre, melting thro' the cedar-sprays  
That spire around the lofty Lebanon,  
Led forth their matrons all at evening's close  
To celebrate the sad solemnity. 365

There they abided: here, ill-omen'd hour!  
Aside Lacippo's stream, with boughs o'erhung,  
Dark alder, pearly-blossom'd arbutus,  
And myrtle, highest held of earthly flowers,  
And mixt with amaranth at the feasts above— 370

Maids snowy-stoled, and purple-mitred boys,  
Foregoing each young pleasure—mazy dance,  
Where Love most often but most fligh.ly wounds,  
Games, where Contention strives to look like Love,  
Scatter anemonies, and roses, torne 375  
Ere daylight wakes them, from their mossy cell.

Not thus, Nebrissa, went thy mountaneers.  
Mad with religious lust and solemn wine,  
They panted for their orgies, at the fount  
Accustom'd: part the mangled heifer tear; 380

Part, stamping on the neck, wrench off it's brow  
 The horns, and blow them bubbling hoarse with blood:  
 Some gird themselves with adders: others yell  
 From pipe far-screeching—trill above their head  
 The tymbrel—clash the cymbal—others drum 385  
 The hollow deeptoned Corybantine brags.  
 Before them, Sycus and Amphyllion,  
 Glad to have mixt themselves with men, at hours  
 When fearful childhood is constrain'd to rest,  
 Ran tripping for Lacippo; but to see 390  
 Flowers, that profusely floated down the stream,  
 Breaking the yellow moonshine as they pass'd,  
 Surprized and held them; fixt on this, they heard  
 No plaintive strain beyond: for childhood's mind  
 Sits on the eyeball; 'tis her boundary. 395  
 But, higher up, those who the orgies led  
 Harken'd, at every pause, and each was fill'd  
 With clear responses winding thro' the vale.

Old Cheratægon chided this delay.  
 "Why stood they gaping? had they wrathful Moon 400  
 Struck them? had any Satyr from the heights,  
 Had he whom every Season stops to crown,  
 Whom Hellepontic Lampfacus adores,  
 Answer'd their carols, kind? if so—reply."  
 Then, placing to his lips the clarion, 405  
 He started, waved it round, and listening  
 Again, cried out "*a female voice I hear,*

*Proceed, proceed."* They hurry on; they view  
 The choir: the shrieking damsels cannot fly;  
 Their vesture baffles each attempt of fear. 410  
 In vain implore they Venus, and adjure  
 By all she suffer'd when Adonis died,  
 The rustics knew Adonis not by name  
 Nor Venus by a tear. They wring their hands  
 In agony, they clasp them in despair, 415  
 Or, those restricted in the strong embrace,  
 Raise praying eyes to heaven, and bend the neck  
 Back till, it's tapering column quite convulsed,  
 The breasts that from their marble sanctuary  
 Stood out, inviting Chastity and Love, 420  
 By violence and passion are profaned.  
 While tumult rages there and wild affright,  
 Led by avenging deities, and warm'd  
 With patriot fire, the purest that ascends  
 Before the presence of those deities, 425  
 The caverns we had left, and many a plain  
 As desolate, where now the wolf, enraged,  
 Bit the deserted fences of the fold;  
 And now with plighted faith and pledging vows  
 Throughout invoke our murder'd countrymen: 430  
 For now at last the radiant host of heaven  
 Seem'd, going one by one, to delegate  
 Peace and repose behind; these oft enchant  
 The wicked; but where'er the weary lids  
 Drop, either dreadful visions they inclose, 435

Tenacious, or the senseless breast imbibes  
 The poison'd balm of sweet security.  
 Seen thro' that porch's pillars, yonder wood  
 Tho' not far distant, yet from hence appears  
 More like a grassy slope—by Lybian blasts 440  
 Distorted—there in ambush, we surveyed  
 Our battlements, whose friendly shadow stretch'd  
 O'er half the ruins of old Geryon's tomb :  
 When silently and quick athwart the dale  
 Glide ranks of helmets; these alone are seen, 445  
 Darkness and distance occupy the rest.  
 They fade away, and eagerly we catch  
 The rumour of their march: the hunter, worn  
 With service, dragging some ignoble weight,  
 Stops in the passing wind the well-known cry 450  
 Of hound that, after hard-run chase, hath leapt  
 Up to his nostrils, or against his side  
 Rested one foot—the other gall'd with thorns—  
 Like him we, conscious of our former strength,  
 Quake with the impotence of wild desire. 455

Less dangerous now is our determined course  
 Toward Tartessus: we approach the walls;  
 We reach them; nor had halted, ere the gates  
 Fly open: starting at the prodigy,  
 Encouraged at the fact, the Iberian bands 460  
 Rush in, and with a dreadful shout proclaim  
 The vengeance of the Gods; afraid to strike

At first, lest any one of these, conceal'd  
 In human likeness, at the portal placed,  
 The force, himself inspired them with, bewail. 465  
 Astounded and aghast, thv Tyrians rise  
 From slumber: these imagine it a dream,  
 Discrediting their senses' evidence;  
 Those in the portico cry out to arms,  
 Forgetful of their own, while many, driven 470  
 By desperation, reckless of their shield  
 Or buckler, rush amidst us, sword in hand,  
 Impetuous, covering with their prostrate corse  
 The spot they fought on: others, overthrown  
 By numbers pressing forward, under throngs 475  
 Of enemies, groan loud; a double pang  
 Such feel, in dying with no hostile wound.  
 Hundreds, and fortunate are they, prolong  
 Sleep into death, nor ever know the change.  
 The remnant in their hollow ships confide 480  
 For refuge, close pursued; thrice happy few  
 Who now, the pitchy, hard, and slippery side  
 Surmounted, mindless yet of sail or oar,  
 Embrace their own \* *Patacus* on the prow.

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Note. The *Pataci* were little images, like those which the Spaniards,  
 and others of the same religion, carry about with them at present, to avert  
 calamity. I imagine that those charms and amulets which are also in use  
 among the nations of Africa, and which are called *fetiches*, are of the same  
 origin; they perhaps are the prototypes of the *Pataci*, and were introduced



O'er their companions, in the crouded strand 485  
 Death, leading up night's rear, her banner waves,  
 Invisible, but rustling like the blast  
 That strips the fallen year: with arms outstretched,  
 Dismay, before her, pushes on; and Fear  
 Crouching unconscious close beside her, casts 490  
 A murky paleness o'er her wing black-plumed.  
 Just-liberated from their noisom cells,  
 Slavery's devoted, thirsting for revenge,  
 Drink deep; the fetter is at last become  
 An instrument of slaughter, and the feet 495  
 Swoln with it, bathe themselves in hostile blood,  
 Till from the vallies deep the fogs arise  
 Perceptible; while, on the summits, Morn  
 Her saffron robe and golden sceptre lays,  
 Then of their lofty vessels we descry 500  
 Nought save the topmost sails, each nether part  
 By Gades, tho' behind them, was obscured;  
 These, distant yet, seem'd o'er the town displayed.

'Tis painful, O Phocæans, to unfold  
 The brazen gates of war, and find Revenge 505  
 Bursting her brittle manacles, while Rage

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into Spain by the Carthaginians. When the Tyrians are mentioned here, they must be supposed in great part, Carthaginians; as the people of the United States of America were, during their alliance, indiscriminately called Englishmen, by our enemies.

Strikes with impatient spear the sounding floor,  
 Here Scycus and Amphyllion I behold,  
 Shivering, and with the back of feeble wrist  
 Drawn frequently across their swollen eyes, 510  
 Wiping large tears away—poor harmless pair!  
 You, playing near life's threshold, strown with flowers,  
 Common indeed, but sweet, and all your own,  
 Death snatcht away, and flapt her raven wing.

The Tyrians fally forth, to meet the hour 515  
 When woe and darkness yield to light and glee,  
 And reach Lacippo's fount ere earliest dawn.  
 No mortal meet they, nor the faintest noise  
 Hear, but of rustling leaves and tinkling rill.  
 They wonder; look around them; shudder, seize 520  
 Each zephyr, and each shadow, which he makes  
 By nimbly lighting on the pliant boughs  
 Creep further on the grafs: for every man  
 Imagines, tho' all other may have strayed,  
 Surely his own must near him still remain. 525  
 But all upon the distant hills were drag'd  
 Thro' wild and winding sheepwalks, into huts  
 Where, with unfated eye, Nebriffan wives,  
 Not yet suspicious of supplanting charms,  
 Survey their strange attire: one draws the veil 530  
 Aside, and fancies somewhat in the face  
 Tho' foreign, like her countrywomen; lips  
 Rosy, but rather blighted; eyes full-orbed

Ringlets that o'er pellucid temples wave,  
 As cedars o'er steep snow-drifts; blooming cheeks; 535  
 But, courted not by fun or sea-born gale,  
 Pallid and puny when compared with hers:  
 Another, hath some broken flower escaped  
 Mid the dishevel'd hair, with curious hand  
 Twists round, on tiptoe, it's exotic stem, 540  
 Exulting high with ingenuity.

The Tyrians, now, disconsolate, unite  
 In counsel: each one differs in the way  
 To follow, each his neighbour's choice amends.  
 When on the pathway haply one espied 545  
 A torch; he wirl'd, he kindled it; he swore  
 By earth and heaven 'twas happy; he exclaim'd  
 "We too will sacrifice! Revenge be ours!  
 Revenge is worthy to succeed to Love.  
 Each irresistible, immortal each, 550  
 Not blind—the wretch feigns that—their pupils roll  
 In fire unquenchable: Persuasion form'd  
 Their lips, and raptured at their lively hue  
 She kist her new creation; hence delight  
 Breathes thro' the thirsting fibres of the breast, 555  
 Like honey from Dodona's prophet-grove,  
 Sweet and inspiring too—Revenge, revenge."  
 Silence dwelt shortly with them, ere he touched  
 This jarring nerve; when suddenly their hearts  
 Vibrated into dreadful unison. 560

They gape upon him, gathering from his breath  
 (As manna from the desert men would seize,)  
 The substance of their wishes; they demand  
 In sentences imperfect, how to grasp  
 The phantom set before them, whispering 565  
 With eager but with hesitating haste  
 Together, and awaiting no reply :  
 Nay, often an enquiry, that commenced  
 With one, concluded in another's ear.  
 They moved; the croud seem'd growing : swift they strode  
 Toward the streamlet, thither where it sprad, (570  
 Wider, and (as upon it's bosom fell  
 The frigid, iron-color'd, unripe light)  
 Just trembled; here the boy Amphyllion  
 Stood waiting for the broken garlands, borne 575  
 No farther by the current; forward lean'd  
 The busy idler, under where he stood  
 Sweeping them gently on with willow wand.  
 He thought, full sure he thought—such eagerness  
 His one protended and one poising hand, 580  
 Half-open lips, and steady lustrous eyes,  
 Show'd plainly—safe arrived ere others woke,  
 To deck his mother's door, and be forgiven.  
 Sycus more weary, on his arm inclined,  
 Sat peevish by, and, often of the way 585  
 Complaining, yet unwilling to arise,  
 Bit acid sorrels from their juicy stalk.  
 "Lo yonder!" he exclaim'd, "the morning dawns

Among the junipers, and ill forebodes  
 Beside such dampness when no dew has fallen— 590  
 This bursting glare, while all around is shade.  
 Can it be morning? no; *there* mornings rise:  
 It is not morning; and the moon is gone;  
 It cannot be the moon." too rightly judged  
 Poor Sycus; nearer now flashed redder light 595  
 Than rising moons give reapers going home;  
 Now nearer, and now nearer yet, approach'd  
 Voices; and armour glimmer'd thro' the glade;  
 Next, helmets were distinguish'd; lastly, vests  
 Black afar off, their proper crimson shew'd. 600  
 They tremble at the sight, and deadly drops  
 Trickle down ankles white like ivory.  
 Pity and mercy they implore—the soul  
 Presages ere it reasons—they implore  
 Pity and mercy, ere the enemy's hand 605  
 Seizes them, ere, in painful bondage bent,  
 Behind them hang so helplessly their own.

Uprooted smells the hazel underwood,  
 The verdant pile ascends; upon the top  
 Branches of pitch-tree are arranged, across, 610  
 And cover'd with their leaves: the cymbals ring;  
 The tymbrels rough, and doubling drums, reply.

Music, when thunders arm her heavenly voice,  
 May rouse most other passions—she may rouse



The Furies from their deep Tartarean dens, 615  
 Or Wonder from her unseen orbit, fixt  
 The middlemost of endless myriads—  
 Terror she stops amid his wild career,  
 Engages, and subdues. Amphyllion's heart  
 Flutter'd indeed but flutter'd less confined, 620  
 He trembled more, yet dreaded less: the boy  
 Would now with rapturous violence have rubbed  
 His palms to sparkling, were they but unbound,  
 His head he would have nestled in the lap  
 Of Fortune, when he found the budded spoils 625  
 Lie innocent, squared well, and garland-hung.  
 He laugh'd at their device; he look'd around,  
 And saw the knife, but sought the sacrifice.

Can you, ethereal Powers! if any rule  
 Above us or below, or if concern 630  
 For human sins and sorrows touches you—  
 Can you see, quivering, shrinking, shrivelling,  
 Lips without guile, and bosoms without gall,  
 Nor pity, succour, save! alas, your will  
 Was pleaded, and your presence was invoked. 635  
 First, 'twas revenge—but, when 'twas done, 'twas heaven!  
 When others rise in anger, men exclaim  
 "*Fierce Furies urge them:*" but when they themselves,  
 "*Righteous inflexible Eumenides.*"  
 Even thou, Venus! Goddess! even thou, 640  
 That ledest the Gætulian lions

From caves and carnage, and on sunny sands  
 Makest to slumber with satiety—  
 Thou wreathest serpents as thou wreathest flowers,  
 Thou silencest the winds without a word, 643  
 Thou curbest the black Tempest; and the face  
 Of Ocean brightens at thy filial smile,  
 Yet, either art thou cruel or profaned.

When Cruelty and Youth together dwell  
 Nature may weep indeed! they also wept. 650  
 The sons of Tyre and Sidon also wept.  
 Returning to the gates, they only heard  
 A few last groans, only a few fond names  
 Given them long ago: by madness driven,  
 Like Atys, when he left his father's home, 655  
 Never to see it more, nor to admire.  
 His face dim-shining from his olived thigh—  
 They run into the woods, and are devour'd  
 By grief and famine, without friend or grave.



PART OF  
**PROTIS'S NARRATIVE.**

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643 **W**E turn to Delphi; we consult the God;  
 The God, omniscient Phæbus, thus replies.  
 " Long have your wanderings been o'er wearying seas,  
 650 And long o'er earth, Phocæans, must they be—  
 Where war shall rage around you, treachery lurk, 5  
 And kings and princes struggle hard from peace."

I never shall forget that awful hour,  
 655 When Consolation fled Calamity,  
 And Hope was slow to leave the Delphic shrine.  
 Scarce half the steps surmounted, sprang the roof; 10  
 The gorgeous walls grew loftier every step;  
 In gracile ranks of regular advance  
 The melting pillars rose like polish'd air:  
 The floor too, seem'd ascending, seem'd to wave  
 It's liquid surface like the heaven-hued sea; 15  
 Throughout reflecting, variously displayed,  
 Deviceful piety and massive prayers.  
 Above the rest, beside the altar, stood  
 The Sardian vases, gift of Cræsus, one  
 Of beaten silver, one of burnished gold, 20  
 Dazzling without, but dark from depth within.

Alas ! for these \* Ecbatana should have bowed  
 Her seven-fold shield, and Lydian flames dissolved  
 The yielding iris of the embattled crown.  
 Too soon hath Cræsus found, that once impell'd 25  
 By headlong folly or obdurate fate,  
 All Delphi's tripods, censers, gems, high-piled,  
 Cannot stop Fortune's swift-descending wheel.  
 Who but the maniac, then, would strain his throat  
 And rack his heart beneath capricious birds, 30  
 And tear disaster from it's bowel'd bed !  
 I hung o'er these proud gifts, and, rising, felt  
 A cold hoarse murmur chide the unconscious sigh.  
 The people heard with horror the decree,  
 They were undone—and, who himself undo ? 35  
 This comes from wisdom ; woe betide the wise !  
 Why should they thus consult the oracle  
 When it could give them only toil and grief ?  
 These were inclined to penance, those to rage.  
 O how near Nature Folly sometimes leads ! 40  
 Penance seem'd bending with sororal care  
 To raise the brow of pale Despondency ;

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\* The walls of Ecbatana were built by Deioces. They were seven in number, and each of a circular form. Each was also raised gradually above the other, just as much as the battlements were high, and all were of different colors. The first, which equalled in circumference the city of Athens, was white, from the base of the battlements : the second, black : third, purple : fourth, blue : fifth, orange : sixth, silver : seventh, gold.

And Rage arous'd them, gave them energy,  
 Made them unjust, perhaps, but made them great.  
 Not in one city, could we long remain 45  
 Ere there occur'd some signal which approved  
 The Delphic revelation : was the crow  
 Heard on the left, was thunder on the right,  
 The starts of terror met the scoffs of scorn.  
 Taunt, accusation, contumely, curse, 50  
 Questioning stamp and pale-lipt pious sneer,  
 Confusion, consternation, mystery,  
 Procession, retrogression, vortexes  
 Of hurry, wildernesses of delay :  
 Each element, each animal, each glance, 55  
 Each motion, now, admonish'd them, each bird  
 Now bore the thunder of almighty Jove,  
 Each fibre trembled with Phocæa's fate.  
 Our parting sails far other prospects cheer'd.  
 Self-courteous Pride, awaiting courtesy, 60  
 Charm'd with bland whispers half our pangs away.  
 What Grecian port that would not hail our ships?  
 'Twas oft debated which high-favor'd land  
 Should share the honors it might well confer.  
 Some from Cecropian Athens traced our line, 65  
 And said " Minerva's city shall rejoice."  
 Some Sparta lures—perfection fancy-form'd!  
 So pure her virtue, and her power so poised,  
 With Asia's despot how could Sparta join?  
 Now, from Eurotas driven, whose willows wove 70



His knotty cradle, where should Freedom fly !  
 Could Freedom exiled cherish exiled Hope ?  
 We leave the plains, then, where the sports and flowers  
 Are faint, untinged with blood ; where naked feet  
 The mountain snow and woodland hoar condense, 75  
 And virgin vestures crack the margent grass.  
 Resolv'd no longer faithless friends to seek,  
 And not renouncing, yet, the oracle ;  
 Not yet forgetting, that, from Greece expell'd,  
 War was to rage around us—could there aught 80  
 Be markt so plainly as the Eneusan isle ;  
 So near our native land too ! all exclaim  
 There take we refuge : here we take revenge.  
 Again we trust the winds and tempt the waves ;  
 Again behold our country—first ascends 85  
 Melæna's promontory, frowning dark,  
 And threatening woe to foreign mariners.  
 Now lengthen out thy light unwarlike walls,  
 And, as the clouds fly over thee or lower,  
 Leucas ! so glance they forward or retire. 90  
 Myrina next, and Cumæ, and, beyond,  
 Larissa—nearer still, yet stands unseen, \*  
 (If ought be standing of her blest abodes)  
 Phocæa : yes !—air, sea, and sky, resound

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\* Phocæa stands at the furthest end, and at a *curvature*, of the bay, on the borders and *front* of which are Cumæ, Myrina, and Larissa—the first objects that appear.

"Phocæa!"—honor'd o'er the Gods was he 95  
 Who the first temple's faintest white descried.  
 What tears of transport, shouts of extasy,  
 O what embraces now! foul Enmity  
 75 At that sweet sound flew murmuring far away,  
 And the proud heart the precious moment seized 100  
 To burst the brutal chains itself imposed,  
 Dear native land! last parent, last—but lost!  
 What rivers flow, what mountains rise, like thine?  
 80 Bold rise thy mountains, rich thy rivers flow,  
 Fresh breathes thy air, and breathes not o'er the free! 105  
 Love, vengeance, sweet desires, and dear regrets,  
 Crowded each bosom from that pleasant shore:  
 We touch the extremeest shadow of it's hills,  
 85 And taste the fragrance of their flowering thyme.  
 We see the enemy; we hear his voice; 110  
 His arrows now fly round us; now his darts:  
 We rush into the port with pouncing prow.  
 Faint ring the shields against our hooked poles;  
 90 We dash from every pinnace, and present  
 A ridge of arms above a ridge of waves. 115  
 Now push we forward; now, the fight, like fire,  
 Closes and gapes and gathers and extends.  
 Swords clash, shields clang; spears whirr athwart the sky,  
 And distant helmets drop like falling stars.  
 Along the sands, and midst the rocks, arise 120  
 Cries of dismay and cries of plangent pain;  
 Shouts of discovery, shouts of victory—

While, seen amid the ranks, and faintly heard,  
 Thunders the bursting billow's high-archt bound.  
 They flee ; we follow : where the fray retreats 125  
 Torrents of blood run down, and mark it's course,  
 And seize the white foam from the scatter'd sand,  
 And bear 'it floating to the sea unmixt:  
 While many a breathless corse of warrior bold  
 Dashes, with hollow fullen plunge, beneath 130  
 The hostile gods dark-frowning from our prows.

O how delightful to retrace the steps  
 Of childhood ! every street, and every porch  
 And every court, still open, every flower  
 Grown wild within ! O worse than sacrilege 135  
 To tear away the least and lowliest weed  
 That rears it's wakeful head between the stones !  
 He who receiv'd undaunted, and survey'd  
 With calmly curious eye the burning wound,  
 And open'd and inspected it, shed tears 140  
 Upon the deep-worn step, before the gate,  
 That often whetted, once, his trusty sword.

The trumpet calling, the Phocæan barks  
 Reach, with reluctant haste, the Enusian shore.  
 Here the good Prodicus, whose prudent eye 145  
 Foresaw that we were giving to the winds  
 Our inconsiderate sail, and who advised  
 To seek our safety from the Delphic shrine,

Died!—those who living fill'd the smallest space  
In death have often left the greatest void. 150

125 The honest crew was gloomy; thro' such gloom  
We best discern, and weigh, and value, tears.  
When from his dazzling sphere the mighty falls,  
Men, proud of shewing interest in his fate,  
Run to each other and with oaths protest 155

130 How wretched and how desolate they are.  
The good departs, and silent are the good.  
Here none with labor'd anguish howl'd the dirge,  
None from irriguous Ida, cypress-crown'd,  
Blew mournfully the Mariandyne pipe; 160

Yet were there myrtles, polish'd from the fleece  
Of many flocks, successive, and the boughs  
Of simple myrtle twined his artless bier.  
Some scoop the rock, some gather'd wonderous shells;  
Warm was their study, warm were their disputes; 165  
This was unpolish'd; this unsound; 'twas ask'd

140 With finger bent, and drawing tacit shame,  
Were shells like that for men like Prodicus?  
Respect drew back, dishearten'd; Reverence paused:  
To features harsh and dark clung first-born tears, 170

And fond contention soften'd where they fell,  
Amid these funerals, four aged men  
Came out of Chios; olive in their hands,  
145 Around their shoulders flow'd the Persic robe.

They said, report had reacht the Chian state 175  
Of our arrival at it's subject isles;

That, before Cyrus, at his footstool, sworn  
 In war his soldiers as his slaves in peace,  
 Charged with the king's high mandate they appear'd.  
 He said—"Obey me, and ye still retain 180  
 Freedom; ye loose it when ye disobey.  
 Therefor ye Grecian states of Asia's realm,  
 Should ye presume to countenance my curse,  
 Or dare to succour him whom I disclaim,  
 Mark me aright, ye perish! go, demand, 185  
 Ye men of Chios, if the isle be yours,  
 That those who late escaped our scymetar,  
 Fly thence, or bend submissive to our sway.  
 Should they resist, or hesitate, the fleet  
 Of every city, from the Sestian stream 190  
 To Gaza, shall attack them, or pursue,  
 Nor furl the sail till conquest crown the mast."

To whom Pythermus, bursting from the throng.  
 "Go, tell thy master, go, thou self-born slave,  
 \* Thou subject! soon his dreaded foe departs. 195  
 Give him this opiate that thy hoary hairs  
 Have gather'd from the way—but neither fear

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\* It will probably be thought that, after calling any one a *self-born slave*, the word *subject* could hardly be used as a term of severe reproach. But it must also be recollected what people these Phocæans were: that in their hostility to *regular governments*, particularly to that of Cyrus, who generously offered to take them under his *protection*, they were so fierce and refrac-



Of Persian swords nor Chian ships will urge  
 Fresh flight, but famine dire from friends dismayed.  
 We want not protestations: spare to lift 200  
 Those eyes to heaven that roll in vows dissolved,  
 Those ready hands that trembling creak with wreaths;  
 Were not those hands against right counsel rais'd  
 Were they not joined before the conqueror's throne?  
 Phocæans venerate not empty age; 205  
 Age for the ark of virtue was designed,  
 And virtuous how the value best declare  
 These rites, these robes, and, look around, these tears.  
 Hast thou forgotten how when Thales spake,  
 Best of the good and wisest of the wise, 210  
 And bade aloud the colonies unite  
 In Teios, middlemost of Asia's marts,  
 Against his equable and sound demand  
 Ye stood, and bargain'd freedom for a bale.  
 Else federal faction and rich rivalry 215  
 Had murmur'd, but flow'd down; equality  
 Had lessen'd danger and diffused success;  
 And inland Temperance and mountain Strength  
 Cherisht those arts which Avarice confined—  
 Confined for riot, ravishment, and spoil. 220

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tory as in the paroxysm of their rage and folly to have reasoned thus.—Subjects are by convention what slaves are by compulsion: slaves are unwilling subjects, subjects are willing slaves.—they must indeed have reasoned thus, before they could have used any such expression.

The fruit of commerce, in whatever clime,  
 Ripening so sweet, so bitter in decay,  
 Enervates, pampers, poisons, who partake:  
 Thine, Freedom! rais'd by Toil and Temperance,  
 Bright as the produce of the Hesperian isles, 223  
 Fills the fond soul with sweet serenity,  
 And mortals grow immortal from it's shade.

O from what height descend I to ourselves!  
 Alas, for Chios swore our fates to share.  
 Heaven grant oblivion to the ungenerous race 230  
 Who spurn'd that Liberty their fathers clasp'd  
 With extacy, with madness, with despair—  
 For sure they thought such blessing was not man's:  
 They felt 'twas theirs—and love was jealousy.  
 O people, lost to glory, lost to shame, 235  
 Neglect the living, but respect the dead,  
 Your fathers' ghosts the breaking bond will hear.  
 But, heavenly Powers! whose silent orbs controul  
 The balanced billows of the boundless sea,  
 Who framing all things, o'er each state preside, 240  
 And, ruling all things, rule man's restless heart.—  
 O! if your servant, still, for follies past,  
 Unconscious faults, or vices unatoned,  
 Must suffer,—wander still, still groan repulse,  
 Ne'er, Powers of Mercy! may from kindred hand 245  
 But from the fiercest foe that arrow fly!  
 The men of Chios heard him, and retired.

Again come groundless fears and dark debates.  
 Part is undaunted ; swearing to abide  
 The threats of Cyrus, anchor'd in the bay : 250  
 Others walk near, and o'er the crowd descry  
 The hoary heights of storied Sipylus ;  
 And every tufted lair and tripping stream  
 Comes from afar before the fondling eye,  
 Well they remember how the moulted mass 255  
 Of ardent iron from Hephestus' fane  
 Was plung'd into the port, and how they swore  
 They and their children, while the struggling fire  
 Seiz'd the white column of the crumbling wave,  
 That sooner should it rise again, and glow 260  
 Upon the surface, then would they return,  
 Or e'er, tiara'd Median, bend to thee.  
 Now it repents them, now it grieves them ! years  
 Are more, and hopes are fewer ! they withdraw  
 One after one, slow creeping to the coast, 265  
 Firm against oaths, and fixt to be forsworn.  
 This when the braver, better part beheld,  
 First with entreaties, then with threats, they try  
 To turn the coward counsel back in time :  
 Those, so intent on ruin, so resolved 270  
 Against compulsion and against consent,  
 Would fight their brethren while they court their foe.  
 Stung by disdain and anguish, I exclaim'd  
 "What would ye more encounter ? ye have borne  
 War, exile, persecution ; would ye bear 275

(O last calamity of minisht man !)  
 The hand of pardon on your object head ?  
 Disease, affliction, poverty, defeat,  
 Leaving behind them unadopted shame,  
 Stamp not thus basely low the breathing clay. 280  
 Man bend to man !—forbid it righteous heaven !  
 T' endure each other hard calamity  
 Is great, is glorious ; others are from high.  
 Let us contend in these who best can bear,  
 Contend in that who bravest can withstand." 285  
 Again, appearing shadowingly, return  
 Spirit, and mild remorse, and decent pride :  
 The young that waver'd, turn their eyes, and find  
 Most still unmoved—enough that most remain.  
 Slow, and abasht, and silent, they rejoin 290  
 Their bold companions ; timorous age believes  
 They just return to bid their friends farewell :  
 Their join ; and unsuspicious youth believes  
 They only went to bid the old adieu.  
 None are so stedfast in the servile strife, 295  
 As those who, coldly pious, closely draw  
 The cowl o'er failings from themselves conceal'd ;  
 Who deeming oaths most sacred, deem that oaths  
 Are made and broken by the same decree :  
 Wroth at each light-paced laughing folly's name, 300  
 They lay a nation's counsel'd crimes on heaven :  
 They think they worship, while they wrong, the Gods,  
 And think they pity, while they hate, mankind.

With these go all who, reckoning in themselves  
 Unfavor'd wealth or wisdom undiscern'd, 305  
 Are grown disdainful to have met disdain;  
 Who, spurning most from others what they most  
 Hug in themselves, and feed to plethory,  
 Join stubborn patience with intolerant zeal.  
 These were the men, who, when the tyrant came 310  
 Against their country and their freedom, call'd  
 Debate sedition, acquiescence peace.  
 Twelve barks, for twelve sufficed them, were decreed  
 To bear away infirmity and fear,  
 And falsehood from the crew—twelve feeble barks— 315  
 Twice thirty more of stoutest bulk remain.  
 With these we, buoyant on unbounded hopes,  
 Ocean's vast wilds by friendly stars retrace.  
 First, vows and offerings to the powers above,  
 And to Poseidon, last, were duly paid: 320  
 Nor seldom, when we saw the cynosure, \*

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\* According to Diogenes Laertius, the poet Callimachus had somewhere attributed to Thales the first discovery, or rather, I should suppose, the first application to any nautical purpose, of the *ursa Minor*. Whether the mariners observed the *Cynosure* or *Helicé*—

"Ex his altera apud Graios *Cynofura* vocatur,  
 Altera dicitur esse *Helice*"—

their remembrance of Thales would be natural. I have preferred the *cynosure* as the more obvious. The quarter from which they sailed must also be considered. *Major Pelasgis apta, Sidonius minor.* (Seneca)  
 —Regit altera Graias.

Altera Sidonias, utraque sicca, rates.



Thales! the grateful heart thy name recall'd.  
 Blest above men, who gainedst from the Gods  
 Power, more than heroes, tho' their progeny,  
 Power over earth, power over sea and sky. 325  
 They gave thee wisdom—this thou gavest men,  
 They gave thee Virtue—this too thou wouldst give:  
 They called thee aside, and led thy steps  
 Where never mortal steps were led before,  
 And shew'd the ever-peaceful realm of light. 330  
 Amidst the Gods thou lookedst down on Earth—  
 (Their glory could absorb but half thy soul)  
 Thou lookedst down, and viewing from afar  
 Earth struggling with Ambition, didst implore  
 Now that another country must be sought, 335  
 And other counsel taken, (thine disdain'd)  
 That they would chain up danger from the night,  
 And strengthen with new stars the watery way.

With surer sail, the daring mariners,  
 Leaving the green Ægean, isle-begem'd, 340  
 Explore the middle main: remembering Greece,  
 They swell with fiercer pride and fresh disdain;  
 They scorn the shelter of her mountain-tops,  
 They curse with closer teeth the bitter blast,  
 Nor hail the fairest gales that blow from Greece. 345



*To Tacæa.\**

TOMORROW, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,  
 Tomorrow thou art, flavelike, bound and fold,  
 Another's and another's!—haste away,  
 Winde thro' the willows, dart along the path—  
 It nought avails thee! nought our plaint avails! 5  
 O happy those before me, who could say  
 "Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa, short  
 Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,  
 Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."

I mourn not, envy not, what others gain. 10  
 Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,  
 Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride  
 And gaunt the need that bade their heads lie low!  
 I see the meadow's tender grass start back,  
 See from their prostrate trunks the gorey glare. 15

Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves  
 Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;  
 Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,  
 Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,

---

\* Tachbrook. The name of a stream and of a village near Warwick.

And tripping light their wanton way pursue. 20  
 Methinks they now, with mellow mournfulness,  
 Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,  
 Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee  
 My poor irregularly pencil'd page.  
 Alas, Tacæa thou art sore deceived! 25  
 Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal—  
 But thou, and all who hear me, shall avow  
 The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.



# TO NEÆRA.

## I.

THANK heaven, Neæra, once again  
 Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,  
 And Pleasure, to assert his reign,  
 Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet:  
 Then cease repeating, while you mourn,  
 “ *I wonder when he will return.*”

## II.

Ah, wherefor should you so admire  
 The flowing words that fill my song,  
 Why call them artless, yet require  
 “ *Some promiss from that tuneful tongue ?*”  
 I doubt if heaven itself could part  
 A tuneful tongue and tender heart.



On the declaration of  
*War by Spain.*

IS haughty Spain again in arms?  
What honest flame *her* bosom warms?  
No kindred spark from Gallic fanes  
Hath ever caught her sluggish veins!

Rise thou who tookest once thy stand 5  
On gloomy Calpé's subject strand; \*  
And while the lightning of the brave  
Cast a dire splendor o'er the wave,  
Didst see Destruction at their side  
From billow upon billow stride. 10  
In clouds the thundering demon came,  
Clouds were without, within was flame;  
Dismay cried "where is Gades' shore."  
And scream'd, and hurried swift before:  
While Britons rais'd their prostrate foes 15  
From shatter'd wrecks of blasted prow.

Leaving for thee her Paphian domes,  
The Goddess of Lucretius comes!  
Pours upon thee her heavenly light,  
Arms thee with all her Mars's might; 20  
And tempers with eternal fire  
For thee Aufonia's golden lyre.

\* The Author of *Mare Liberum*.



Verses, written near the sea,

*In Wales.*

I.

I wander o'er the sandy heath  
Where the white rush waves high ;  
Where adders close before me wreath  
And tawny kites sail screaming by.

II.

Alone I wander ! I alone  
Could love to wander there !  
“ *But wherefor ?*—let my church-yard stone  
Look toward Tawy and declare.



*Written at Larne.*

**I**PSLEY! when hurried by malignant fate  
 I past thy court and heard thy closing-gate,  
 I figh'd—but fighting to myself I said  
 “Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade.”

Ah! what resistless madness made me roam 5  
 From chearful friends and hospitable home!  
 Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove  
 My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.  
 Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,  
 And fear and anger start at Freedom's name. 10  
 Still, high exploits the churlish nation boasts  
 Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.  
 'Tis false!—where conquest had but reapt disgrace  
 Contemptuous Valor spurn'd the reptile race.

Let me once more my native land regain, 15  
 Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;  
 Then will I pardon all the faults of fate  
 And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, round thy gate.

*On Man.*

In his own image the Creator made  
 His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!  
 Thou breathing dial! since thy day began  
 The present hour was ever markt with shade!

*Ad Libertatem Ode.*

O quæ revîsas arva Quiritium,  
 Collesque Tufcos et falices Padi,  
 Udôſque fines Sirmionis,  
 Gramineasque vias Tarenti !  
 Quæ nunc Canopum, nunc Arabum finus, 8  
 Marisque rubri quæ penetras vada,  
 Thracemque, Libertas, Getamque,  
 Degeneremque fugis Britannum !  
 Ah quàm fideli pectore te mea  
 Fovit juvenus ! quàm patriæ pudet ! 10  
 Subluſtre quam ſordet facellum,  
 Quàm veteres periére luci !  
 Quos nunc adibis ? Heſperios viros,  
 Viros Iernes ? an pateram libet  
 Puram et ſalubrem implere ab Iſtri 15  
 Fontibus, exiguone Rheno ?  
 Sylvæ ruentis, fluminis abdiſi,  
 Audire planctus—acrû lacûs  
 Primûm ſufurros, dein cachinnos,  
 Dein, fremitum, & rabiem, & ruinam 20

Utrunque sparsam ab culmine rupium,  
Ascendere inter, stare super, juvat:—

Qui magna consueſcunt videre

Magna ferent, facientque magna.

Emollis iſtis et glaciem Alpium, 28

Metumque pellis penſilibus jugis;

Quocunque ſpectaris renident

Lumine candidiore ſoles.

Meſſana, tendens brachia, vinculis

Exſerta, pubes te Drepani vocat: 30

At obſtinabis tu, luetque \*

Hospitii violata jura.

Horrentia intras mœnia vepribus

Queis Archimedis contegitur cyclus,

Calleſque quos ferro notavit 35

Empedocles, deus Agrigenti.

Quia vulgus excors nobilium crepet—

At integrâ te dum ſequerer fide,

Plutoniaſ ædes adirem

Et canerem Stygias ad undas. 40

---

\* Ignem in naves Gallicas, Ægyptum verſus tendentes, incolæ hujus urbis jaculati ſunt; eaſque dum illuc aqutum irent, nec vellent, (neque enim ſtatuiffent) aut ſiſtere aut morari, auſi ſunt telis propellere.

*De Gallicis legatis interfectis.*

EN! iterum capiti Pax album obduxit amictum,

Et temerata diu fugit ab orbe Fides.

Dum fluctus belli compescere vellet olivâ,

Et facilem victis tenderet ipsa manum—

Proh Superi! quales amisit Gallia cives;

5

Quali, proh reges! occubere nece.

Illud, inexpertæ, Germania candida, credo,

Non finxisse fuit, sed didicisse, tuum.

Edocuit gens ista scelus, tibi juncta sub Arcto,

Cujus sceptrigerum sanguine sceptrum rubent.

10

Huic cedit gladius Medæ, cedit ahenum,

Cedunt Tantalizæ pallida festa domus.

Hic genitor natum letho dedit, ipsaque conjux

Miscuit incauto dira venena viro.

Hic tepidum scandit morientis adultera lectum,

15

Atque inter gemitus murmurat acer Amor



*Pacis reditus.*

GALLIA ! libertate ardens, at lassâ triumphis,

Intrepidâ vibras tela tremenda manu.

Scilicet agnoscunt jam jam tua jura tyranni,

Et reboant vinctæ sub pedibus Furiae.

Dumque vocas iterum materna ad pectora natos,

5

Dumque dolent illi deseruisse Lares ;

Ea Liger, ille Liger cui fusæ sanguine Nymphæ

In Thetidis flentes profluere finum,

Per viridès campos iterum agmina mollia ducit,

Et vacat in lentas, lætus ut ante, moras.

10

Parte aliâ video trajectum vulnere Rhenum—

Non tamen obstitens abnuit esse tuus :

Verùm emit id capitis beryllo, atque omnibus undis,

Et spernit tardo vincla vetusta pede.

“ Quid prodest aquilæ, clamat, tonuisse sinistrâ ;

15

Illa cadit ; caderet si foret illa Jovis.”

Fallor ? an et pompam ferialem et funera cerno,

Et populi ad planctum sæpe resistere equos.

Quis tantus procedit ? honesti gratia vultûs

Restat, et arma manus atteruere parum.

20

† Agnosco juvenem !—patres ! accedite, flete !

Qui lacrymas vestro terfit ab ore, jacet.

Ah quoties puer ille per interlunia sylvis

Excubuit, macro circum ululante lupo ;

Redderet ut senibus prolem requiemque, superba 25

Ut folia erueret purpureumque scelus.

Quis vero ille ruit, deus an vir, ab arce Monæci ?

Ecce volat rapidi per vada pulsa Padi !

Sistitur—adversæ vultum vidère catervæ,

Attonitumque duces occuluere caput. 30

Edictum est—manibus prætentat sæpe cavernas

Atque trahit tremulum plebs retrahitque pedem.

Nunc rediere domum matres ac rustica pubes,

Cæperuntque novo dudum inhiare deo. \*

Talem cæruleo Germania lumine vidit, 35

Armaque depofuit deferuitque dolos.

† Hochius.

\* Talem opinor virum nec impium est nec nimium Antiquorum comparare Dīs : non enim pertimescendum est ne Virtus unquam tanti apud nostros hæbeat, ut ad eam in templis colendam ita facile seducat ; neque is ego sum qui, utpote divitem potentemve, studeam nimis quempiam adulari. Siquid demum in patriæ libertatem peccaverit Bonaparte, utinam, ut antehac atrox Robespirtus aliusque perjurus occubuerunt,

*Tertia jam cervix solito mucrone rotetur,*

*Tandem funereis finem positura tyrannia.*

*Cloud.*

Læta bonæ Cereris quando fata cingeret armis  
Sperabat superos posse latere deos:

Grandinis ast illam de montibus obruit imber,

Monstravitque suum fulminis ira Jovem. 40

Quinetiam summæ stupuere his vocibus Alpes,

Dicitur et positas increpuisse tubas—

“Gallia ! rumpe moras ; rupit Germania fædus ;

Arripite arma, duces ! arripite arma, viri !

Ultor adest, iterumque deos testatur in hostes 45

Cum quibus invictam junxerat ante manum.

Dacus enim tacito vos circumrepat ab Istro,

Et modò quæ fugiens liquerat arma legit.

Mox et signa canant puer aulicus iste jubebit

Fæmineâ facie fæmineisque comis.” 50

Surrexit Bonaparta ; exercitus affurrexit.—

Non aliter, Batti quâ jacet ara senis,

Tempestas prorumpit, et agglomerantur arenæ,

Incitaque immani perfremet aura nece.

Aurea lux ! homini felix, infesta tyrannis, 55

Te minor Aonio est Delius ipse choro.

“Tolle coronatis, edicis, tolle trophæis

Serta, madent lacrymis laurea ferta ducis.”

Tendit Idumæas ergo tibi Mantua palmas,

Iuque sacrâ saliens albet oliva comâ. 60

Mincius innumerâ prætexit arundine ripas,

Vix erit ex illis immemor una tui.

Forſitan et furgens Maro quis tua prælia narret,

Inſet et audaci raptus amore tubam.

Sed tuba, ſed ſonipes, ſed et arma, tonantia in arma, 65

Sera valent captos aure ciere rogos.

Nam neque Patroclum ex Orco revocavit Achilles,

Nec movit cinerem diruta Troja levem.

Æternam caperes juvenis Marcelle quietem;

Ob patriam tangit mitia corda dolor?— 70

En! imperfectos noli plorare triumphos!

En venit illuſtres hoſtis in exequias.

Tuque tui focû invitus Moræe ſuperſtes

Sorte parum ſimili ſles cecidiſſe duos.

Ah perüt certé qui civica traderet arma, 75

Ah perüt pluſquam morte perire datur!

Ludicra ſeponens, bene convenientia quondam,

Argutæ feriam fila ſevera lyræ.

Deinde triumphanti tollam tibi Gallia carmen

Quod pueri diſcent, diſcere vellet avus. 80

Pax venit intereâ, venit amplo Copia cornu,

Et victor Libyæ, cui rubet uva, venit.

Atque venit Libyæ victor cui non rubet uva,

Sed cujus nomen pocula prima sonant.

Omnia subsidunt, nec dixeris acta procellis,

85

Ni jam luceret purior orta dies.

Sic, quando solitum protendunt fidera signum,

Pulsa fugit pluvios indigena aura Notos:

Lumine tunc Boreas obliquo prospicit hostem;

Calcat, et aërio sanguine fulcat humum.

90

Solstitiū soboles natalia culmina linquit,

Et vasto Pharios agmine vexat agros.

Flava Ceres atri sequitur vestigia Nili,

Subjectasque iterum lotus obumbrat aquas.





FOR the entertainment of those *gentle readers*, on whose account and for whose use I have principally written the Post-script, I add also some poems, in great part of a satirical nature, as more accordant to their spirit and more accommodated to their understanding. They are of a lighter kind than the others, with which it will be prudent not to concern themselves, and are entirely devoted to their service. I will also mention to them in confidence, that the *Address* was written long before the armament took place, tho' much has been altered, and somewhat added, since—and at the risk of being thought deficient in foresight, I confess that I had very little expectation of any such thing taking place, even under the administration of so sagacious a Chancellor. Such people as he will suffer nothing to be a joke. Imagine the most ridiculous thing, and they will realife it.

An Address to  
*The Fellows of Trinity College Oxford,*  
 on the

ALARM OF INVASION.

THO' I seldom have writ since my Muse was beset  
 By the hue-and-cry runners of Richards and Kett; <sup>1</sup>  
 Still, bred in your college, tho' no longer in it, I  
 Send ye health and fraternity, fellows of Trinity!  
 Thro' haste to salute you, the feet of my doggerel <sup>5</sup>  
 Like a drunken or down-hill and devil-drove hog reel.

Notwithstanding your prayers, and your fasts notwithstanding—  
 The wicked french atheists threaten a landing: (standing,  
 And how can you wonder should any thing hap ill  
 When <sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas has lain with his wife in the chapel?  
 Supine as you are, wont you think it defiled (10  
 Until you are certain he's got her with child?  
 But let me assure you—prayers, lessons, nor psalter,  
 Nor the two silver candlesticks over the altar, <sup>14</sup>  
 Nor the cross nor the foldiers, the thieves nor the virgin,  
 Can keep—devil take'em—their plaguey new scourge in,

<sup>1</sup> The British Criticks.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Pope. buried there.

They delight in it still, tho' so many have bled,  
 Like children in *their* little whips painted red :  
 Like children they too, and with hug as endearing,  
 Flog brother or sister to try the new *fairing*. 20  
 And as for your 3 Angels with palms in their hands,  
 "These come," they will say, "for our resolute bands."  
 But rise, fable heroes, oppose force to force,  
 Man to man, foot to foot, shield to shield, horse to horse,  
 Hear first one injunction, nor gibe it nor mock it, 25  
 Be sure that Kett's poems are not in your pocket.  
 While so bent on reforming the whole present race is,  
 The Muses themselves are old friends with new faces,  
 His verses are *attic*, and every paper  
 Serves equally well both for *salts* and for *wrapper*. 30  
 'Tis true, spring approaches—but there's no occasion  
 For physic like this when you fear an invasion.  
 Take *me* for your leader:—you have not forgot  
 That your most humble servant was once a good *shot* :  
 Tho' ye dreaded, but dreaded without rhyme or reason, 35  
 He haply might turn his fine talents to treason.  
 Now, since a good leader is very much wanted,  
 That ye take my advice let me take it for granted.  
 So get yourselves ready, and bid Harry Kett  
 Strip off his book-bindings and make a rosette: 40  
 Nor let him suppose this the dress of a sinner is  
 When he wore a bag-wig at his dance in the 4 Minorics.

3. Paintings on the ceiling.

4. Where, assuming the name of Frederick, he practised with more application than success.

But why on a sudden so faucy and skittish?—

If he *be* made a *critic*, 'tis only a *British*.

Now, whatever regiment his name be enroll'd in, 45

A tight little drummer is Jeffry von M \* \* \*

I know not his courage, but this I'll be bold in

Few beat in fair *humdrum* our Jeffry von M \* \* \*

Besides we can make, should Death happen to come,

Of this tight little drummer, a tight little drum : 50

And after, should any mishap come to pass,

Our clever smith Sandy can furnish the bras.

We'd a tympanum once too, that made such a rattle

You'd fancy the Titans were rushing to battle.

The beater ran barking like one that would worry hell, 55

But has quietly laid it at last down at Oriel.

Had Orpheus held *that*, his affair had been done.—

The devil a devil that would not have run :

Fair Tempé had heard it, and peep'd thro' the trees,

And seen Aristeus once more without bees. 60

To defend ourselves well, let us leave the quadrangle,

Where Frenchmen,—tho' shoot us they might not,—might

For tho' they are lately grown wonderous humane, (strangle.

Our lamp-irons might draw out their fierceness again.

Yet to hang us thereon would be mere wanton spite in'em,

For certain I am that we could not enlighten'em. (65

But let us raise forces, and then let'em know

What the fellows of Trinity College can do.

To Brazen-nose first—I know Brazen-nose scholars

Will fight for religion like sailors for dollars. 70

With his *Students*, arm'd all cap á pié, like *Knights* er-

The Bishop will give'em brisk *charges*, I warrant. (rant,

The charge the most gentle e'er issuing from *Chester*

Would shrug up an infidel's back, like a blister;

Some sweat the rank sinner, some scour thro' and thro', 75

And others do all that emetics can do.

The bed-makers, now there come oysters nor eggs,

Perhaps may more easily keep on their legs:

For, by oysters and eggs—unaccountable things—

Heels either trip up, or are put upon springs. 80

But the mitre's high prop and the church's prime orna-

Is such a redoubtable hand at a tournament, (ment

That the French (tho' his physics be treated with sneers,)

Will find it not easy to keep upon theirs.

Stop a while—for so swiftly my Pegasus ran on, 85

I, Frederick-like, have forgotten my cannon.

Come, tight little drum, beat away if you please,

We must make a short visit at Christ-church for these.

That college is famed for it's wit and invention,

One only example of which let me mention: 90

'Tis pat to our purpose, and what I can say

Without going one single inch from the way.

Each cannon there carries it's own magazin,

But the powder without, the lead only within.

Our regiment, I trow, were a short time in manning 95

If Christ-church would send her prime minister C — —



Convincing each gaping and wonder-struck gaffer  
 That no one to follow is furer or safer.  
 If, rather than handle the musket, he handles  
 The cash of a gaming-house snuffer of candles, 100  
 She need only shew them his visage in print  
 And bid them *do likewise*, and marry a mint.  
 Velvet coat, velvet breeches, silk stockings, appear  
 Like somebody born to five hundred a year.  
 Yet, O velvet breeches! and, O velvet coat! 105  
 The haunches you cover had jump't at a groat,  
 Those curtains around dying Villiers's bed  
 Would have blush'd, as in youth, to have hung o'er his  
 Now satin o'er-hangs it; and that very top's (head :  
 The counsel of kings and the envy of crops. 110  
 Cross legs, lounging stoop, shew an easy disdain  
 For patriots like Fox and poor devils like Paine;  
 And accurate lips and significant nose  
 Shew vastly more wisdom than people suppose.  
 But come—in this quarter we leave him alone— 115  
 If his *verses* are stolen, his *face* is his own.  
 Here the Dean is polite, but *his* verses are such  
 As would choak any mortal not sprung from the Dutch.  
 Thank heaven, my Muse, that we never have spent ink  
 On generals like Frederick and statesmen like Bentink. 120  
 Yet, tho thou despisest the blue-ribbon'd rabble,  
 Dont lean with thy elbows so pert on the table;  
 Nor cock up the chin so, with both hands put under it—  
 But, rant it, and rave it, and roar it, and thunder it.

And our latin-laced mother, good dame Rhedycina, 128

Cries *euge poeta!* and *Musa divina!*

Old *Cam*, in his dotage, ranks no one so high as

A scribe of Stobeus, one Billy Matthias.

He plucks and beslimes the poetical plain—

And is there no pygmy to combat that crane? 130

O yes—but the foreigners first we pursue—

A Jackson, a Holmes, or a Hurdis, will do.

Give ear then, ye forces assembled, give ear!

Be loyal and brave, banish treason and fear.

Be sergeants and corporals, readers and tutors! 135

Proproctors and proctors! prowl out—be sharp-shooters.

And I will stay by you as long as I can stay—

A bayonet joins me with Swift and with Anstey.

Our wish is for glory—ah! who can full-fill it

Till Fate grant the furlough and Time take the billet. 140



*On a certain Print.*

**T**HAT cockt-up nose there, shining like the knob  
 Of greasy plow-boy's hazle switch,  
 Is a vile woman's.—tho' upon this globe  
 Few are so high, and none so rich,  
 A tinker of tin-shavings she would rob,  
 Or ointment from Scotch pedlar's breech,  
 Who that comes filching farthings from one's fob  
 Need ever fear a fouler itch?

*On my Weakness.*

## I.

**A**M I weak, Richards, am I weak?  
 Because my verses thunder not,  
 And frighten from the Aonian grot  
 The girls with whom I want to freak.

( 73 )

II.

Am I weak Richards, am I weak?

Because, to make that silly man

An *Oscar*,\* I become no *Bran*,—†

And bark, but neither sing nor speak.

III.

Am I weak, Richards, am I weak?

Be it so,—but the nose I've drawn

What poet would, tho' hungry, pawn

To buy thy *Oscar's* whole pig's cheek?

9.

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FIRST Carleton-house, my country friend,

And then the play-house you should see;

*Here* comedies in marriage end,

*There* marriages in tragedy.

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\* Into whom, of all people in the world, dost thou suppose; gentle reader, that the spirit of *Oscar*, according to Mr. Richards, has transmigrated? Guess!

† The name of a dog in *Ossian*.

WHEN Jove had given o'er the frogs to reign  
A lifeless log and murderous crane,  
You think the thunderer sent such kings in sport—  
He sent them one of every fort.

---

LET him whose leaden pencil scratches Gibbon,  
Besmear yon tawdry wretch with lacker'd lays,  
Sprung from a Dutchman's minion, the world says,  
And petty-larcen of Howe's well-earn'd ribbon.

---

BLEST idiot! with thy vicarage and thy wife,  
Why dost thou chuckle so? come prythee say?  
Then I will tell thee—thou hast gain'd for life,  
To be awake all night, asleep all day.





*Post-script to Gebir.*


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Ego potius tranquillè vivere desidero quàm ab adversariis victorias  
et tropæa reportare. *Linnaeus ad Gronovium.*

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*GEBIR* in different quarters has been differently received. I allude not to those loyal critics, who, recently mounted on their city-war-horse, having borrowed the portly boots and refurbished the full-bottomed perukes of the ancient French chevaliers, are foremost to oppose the return of that traitor, whom, while he was amongst them, Englishmen called Freedom, but now they have expelled him, Anarchy: since, the very first *Reviews* of this Association were instituted, not merely for parade but for hostility; not for exercise, correctness, and precision, so adventurous and impetuous were these conscripts, but for actual and immediate battle. The *Critical* and *Monthly*, as being of the old establishment, are those on which at present I would fix attention. In respect to *Gebir*, the one perhaps is conducted by a partial, but certainly by a masterly, hand. It objects, and indeed with reason, to a temporary and local obscurity, which I have not been able, or I have not been willing, or I have not been bold enough, to remove: but never on the whole, since it's first institution, has a poem been more warmly praised. The other's

account is short: containing one quotation and two mis-statements. "That the poem was nothing more than the version of an Arabic tale; and that the author, not content with borrowing the expressions, had made the most awkward attempts to imitate the phraseology of Milton." The Review is not before me. I believe I have softened, but I have not perverted, nor have I deteriorated, his style. No man would make or meditate so rash indefensible an attack, unless he were certain that, if not already stationed there, he could speedily drop into obscurity. I repeat to him in answer, what I before asserted in my preface, that, so far from a *translation*, there is not a single sentence, nor a single sentiment, in common with the tale. Some characters are drawn more at large, some are brought out more prominent, and several are added. I have not changed the scene, which would have distorted the piece, but every line of appropriate description, and every shade of peculiar manners, is originally and entirely my own. Now, whether this gentleman has or has not read the poem, whether he has or has not read the romance, his account is equally false and equally malicious. For the romance is in english, therefor he could have read it; the poem is in english, and therefor he could have compared it. There is no disgrace in omitting to read them: the disgrace is, either in pretending to have done what he had not done, or in assuming a part which he was incompetent to support. But there is a disgrace in

omitting to read Milton; there is a disgrace in forgetting him. The critic has not perused or not remembered him: it would be impossible, if he had, that he should accuse me of borrowing his expressions. I challenge him to produce them. If indeed I *had* borrowed them, so little should I have realized by the dangerous and wild speculation, that I might have composed a better poem and not have been a better poet. But I feared to break open, for the supply of my games or for the maintenance of my veteran heroes, the sacred treasury of the great republican. Although I might enjoy, not indeed the extorted, but the unguarded praise of an enemy, if my vanity could stoop so low and could live on so little,—of an enemy who, throughout so long a journey, and after so many speeches, and those on such various occasions, pertinaciously took me for Milton—I will add, for the information of my young opponent, what a more careful man would conceal, but what in his present distress will relieve him greatly, that this, which amongst the vulgar and thoughtless might currently pass for praise, is really none at all. For, the language of *Paradise Lost* ought not to be the language of *Gebir*. There should be the softened air of remote antiquity, not the severe air of unapproachable sanctity. I devoutly offer up my incense at the shrine of Milton. Woe betide the intruder that would steal it's jewels! It requires no miracle to detect the sacrilege. The crime will be found it's punishment. The venerable saints,

and still more holy personages, of Rapheal or Michael-Angelo, might as consistently be placed among the Bacchanals and Satyrs, bestriding the goats and bearing the vases of Poussin, as the resemblance of that poem, or any of it's component parts, could be introduced in mine. I have avoided high-sounding words. I have attempted to throw back the gross materials, and to bring the figures forward. I knew beforehand the blame that I should incur. I knew that people would cry out "your burden was so light, we could hardly hear you breathe, pray where is your merit." For, there are few who seem thoroughly acquainted with this plain and simple truth, that it is easier to elevate the empty than to support the full. I also knew the *body* of my wine, and that years must pass over it, before it would reach it's relish. Some will think me intoxicated, and most will misconstrue my good-nature, if I invite the Reviewer, or any other friend that he will introduce,—but himself the most earnestly, as I suspect from his manner that he *poetizes*—to an amicable trial of skill.—I will subject myself to any penalty, either of writing or of ceasing to write, if the author, who criticises with the flightiness of a poet, will assume that character at once, and, taking in series my twenty worst verses, write better an equal number, in the period of twenty years. I shall be rejoiced if he will open to me any poem of my contemporaries, of my English contemporaries I mean, and point out three pages more

spirited, I will venture to add more classical than the three least happy and least accurate in Gebir.

In challenging a comparison the discriminating will remark, that more expertness is used than bravery. They will certainly acquit me of presumption, altogether, and judge from the character of the person thus addressed, that the champion opposed to me will not be the stoutest or most dexterous, but the heaviest or most shewy, and will readily agree that I have little cause to tremble, when probably I shall find in array against me the *Sovereign* of Mr. Pybus, or a work no less patriotic, the labor of a worthy clergyman, and in praise of better things,—to wit—*bank-notes and strong-beer*.

Many will think that I should have suppressed what I have said; but let them recollect that, amongst those ancient poets who contended for the public prize, each must not only have formed the same determination, (for defects are not usually compared with defects, but are generally contrasted with beauties) but have actually engaged, and that too more openly and personally, in a still more strenuous competition. If my rights had not been refused me, I should not have asserted my claims. Rambling by the side of the sea, or resting on the top of a mountain, and interlining with verses the letters of my friends, I sometimes thought how a Grecian would have written, but never what methods he would take to compass popularity.



The nearer I approached him, tho' distant still, the more was I delighted. I may add,

O belle agli occhi miei tende *latine* !

Aura spira di voi ch'è mi recrea,

E mi conforta piu piu m' avvicine.

Tasso. *Gierru. liberata.*

Several of these sketches were obliterated, still more laid aside and lost; various ideas I permitted to pass away, unwilling to disturb, by the slightest action, the dreams of reposing fancy. So little was I anxious to publish my rhapsodies, that I never sat down in the house, an hour at once, for the purpose of composition. Instead of making, or inviting, courtship, I declared with how little I should rest contented. Far from soliciting the attention of those who are passing by, Gebir is confined, I believe, to the shop of one bookseller, and I never heard that he had even made his appearance at the window. I understand not the management of these matters, but I find that the writing of a book is the least that an author has to do. My experience has not been great; and the caution which it has taught me lies entirely on the other side of publication. Before I was twenty years of age I had imprudently sent into the world a volume, of which I was soon ashamed. It every-where met with as much commendation as was proper, and generally more. For, tho' the structure

was feeble, the lines were fluent: the rhymes shewed habitual ease, and the personifications fashionable taste. I suffered any of my heroes, the greater part of whom were of a gentle kind, to look on one side thro' the eye of Pity, on the other thro' that of Love; and it was with great delight, for I could not foresee the consequences, that I heard them speak or sing with the lips of soft Persuasion. So early in life, I had not discovered the error into which we were drawn by the Wartons. I was then in raptures with what I now despise. I am far from the expectation, or the hope, that these deciduous shoots will be supported by the ivy of my maturer years. But, without any boast of prudence, I have hung up a motley and poultry skin for my puppies in their snarling playfulness to pull at, that they may not tear in pieces a better and costlier on which I desire to rest. After all, I do not wonder that they barked at Gebir—he came disguised and in tatters. Still there was nothing to authorize the impertinence with which the publication was treated by the Monthly Reviewer. These are not the faults which he complains of; tho' these might, without his consciousness, have first occasioned his ill-humour. I pity his want of abilities, and I pardon his excess of insolence. The merit is by no means small of a critic who speaks with modesty. For, his time being chiefly occupied, at first, in works fundamentally critical, at least if we suppose him desirous to *learn* before he is ambitious to *teach*, he thinks when

he has attained their expressions and brevity, he has attained their solidity and profoundness. He must surely be above what he measures, else how can he measure with exactness? He must be greater, *ex officio*, than the person he brings before him; else how can he stigmatize with censure, or even dismiss with praise? These illusions are indeed so pleasant that to part with them voluntarily is deserving of great applause. In many so strong is the fascination as not to have been broken even by personal attempts at original composition: not tho' the author has grasped even the isolated works of sublime imagination: tho' sinking thro' the dearth of conception, or lost in the deserts of enquiry: tho' pursued by the aggravating hisses, and assailed by the intolerable stings, of obloquy, scorn, and contempt. It is enough if he can enclose in his flimsy web, what, confident as he naturally is, he would be hopeless of reaching in it's flight. Such is the production of these miserable insects, *a month in generating, a moment in existence*. Miserable do I call them! alas, for the wife and virtuous, alas, for human nature! Tho' Justice, in descending on the world again, has given it a partial revolution, so that some who were in sunshine are in shade—some of the highest and most prominent—yet, when I cast my eyes immediately around me, and can discern what passes both in public and in private, I find too often that those are the least miserable who occasion the most misery. For, when any one has done

an injury, the power, that enabled him to do it, comes back upon the mind, and fills it with such a complacency, as smooths away all the contrition that the action of this injury would have left. And little power is requisite to work much mischief,

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Those who in "*Poems from the Arabic and Persian*" have found me so faithful a translator, will be pleased, I hope, with a version of an ancient Greek Dithyrambic.

—◆—

### *Ode on Power.*

—◆—

"POWER discharges the mulct which Remorse should pay. Men look towards Power, and already have made atonement. In every shape, in every mode and color, Power is before them whether they sleep or wake. Even at the feasts of Love he sits as sovereign. He enters; you cannot behold him—but harken! the music sounds! sing ye! sing in harmony. He is seated and is not discovered. He departs, and the lamps are extinguished. Tho' the guests, and even the

Flies and reviewers fill their bellies while they irritate; both of them are easily crushed, but neither of

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master, are ignorant of it—perhaps many months and years,—it is Power who has given the last and highest, the most permanent and yet most intoxicating, gratification. Yes! wretched mortals, every other ceases when predominance declines. In your outward habits and gross experience, Power is the associate of Violence and Fear. Pardon me, great Gods, if I utter the forbidden!—It is Power, at whose feet, in secret, Love is prostrate: it is Power at whose absence he incessantly repines. It is Power whose mysterious name, tho' suppliant, he dares not pronounce; for he believes it would shake his bright abodes, and subvert their most deep foundations. When Power departs from Love, Love transforms himself and vanishes. But when Power departs from Hate, she retains her form, she exalts her stature, she exasperates her features: the object of her violence still is nigh, but still is beyond her reach. Dragging the chains of Fate, and mocked by Phrenzy, in the wild rotation of imaginary pursuit she makes no progress. Again she darts forward; shall she never seize her prey? Better have been held eternally in the irons which she has loosened, than struggle with so much labor, so much pain, to the utmost (and alas, impassible) boundaries that separate earth from heaven.



them easily caught. They lead pleasant lives in their season. The authors who can come into a share of

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Ye Gods! that inhabit those regions, and govern these, hold, I beseech ye, that demon from my house. And ah! my beautiful Atthis, ah! never depart from my side. Tho', by bathing so many hours of spring in the fountain of the Graces, I ever am chilled and torpid, or faint and feverish—thirsty from draughts too sweet, and blinded with excess—yet I adjure thee, Atthis, by Pan and all the Goddeesses, go not away, tho I slumber! A kiss from another on thy lips, dear Atthis, would cover with briars the resting-place of my soul. It might flutter for ever round, but could alight no more. On thy lips, it would utterly efface all the pleasures, that Love, in those exquisite tablets, holds out to Memory: nor could the waters of Lethé, sprinkled over my temples by heroines the daughters of Gods, whether by Antiopé, or by Helen, or by the tender-hearted mother of Perseus,—nor could poppies from the gardens of Persephone, poppies, the gales of which are among the blessings of Elysium—in a hundred years of wandering, do away that one kiss. Alas! nor the cup of Hébé; twined around with amaranths, and bright with immortality. Son of Latona, thou art happiest of all the Immortals, not that thou knowest song or that thou knowest fate, or indeed that arrayed in transcendant

a monthly publication, are happy as play-wrights who manage a theatre, or as debtors who purchase a seat in our excellent house of Commons.

“ They in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes,  
And works of love or enmity full-fill.”

They hunt over domains more extensive than their own, trample down fences which they cannot *clear*, strip off the buds and tear away the branches, of all the most promising young trees that happen to grow in their road, plow up the lawns, muddy the waters, and when they return benighted home again, carouse on reciprocal flattery. Men of genius, on the contrary, may be compared to those druidical monuments, stately and solitary, reared amidst barrenness, exposed to all

glory thou guidest the jewel'd car of day; but that, amidst the very heights of heaven, in the pure serenity of thy unrivalled course, thou seelest, and thy ambrosial steeds feel too, the gentle agitation of thy ruling rein. It is this that sheds soft light; the rest is impetuosity and heat. O may I also, suspended, as I have been, on the wings of extasy, feel under my panting bosom, as I descend, the buoyant consciousness of deep security.”

weather, unimpaired, unaltered, which a child perhaps may move, but which not a giant can take down.

I should rest awhile here, if my sole or even principal object were chastisement or correction. But I intend to give advice, and I hope instruction. It is possible too that I may present an opportunity of making some reprisals. For, having overthrown the works of an enemy, and offered him battle on *my* ground, I now venture forth and offer it on *his*. Let him detect any error of judgment, or any corruption of taste, in plans and observations entirely new, as mine are, and I will forgive him the blunders which he has committed, for the most part rather thro' stupidity than haste, and without the excuse of novelty. It is the custom of such people, and a very convenient one it is, to speak in general language: it saves them much trouble, and gives them much importance. In passing sentence they are chancellors at once; they would become mere barristers by examination and enquiry. It has been observed, I think, that almost every writer has taken up some word or other which he cherishes with peculiar fondness. The word \* "*considerable*" is the favorite

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\* "*Considerable*."—Perhaps it never occurred so often in the same space, as in the first twenty pages of the "*Life of Mary Wolstonecraft*"—not seldom, I believe, than seventeen or eighteen times—This I wonder at, extremely, as few writers are by habit and course of study less vague and indefinite than Godwin.

here: it is the stoutest ally of ignorance and indifference, and is the most insurmountable enemy of acuteness and precision. "*This volume possesses considerable merit*." Such decisions have I often witnessed on productions the most strongly marked—decisions not very improper, tho' rather too favorable, for poems like *Leonidas*, &c.—where the faults are rare and the beauties faint, but where is an even tenor of language, by courtesy and common acception held poetic, and an equal dilation of appropriate thoughts, hardly anywhere trivial and no-where exquisite. But in works of stamp and character, would it not improve the public taste much more, if in general a few short passages were selected, and the defects and excellencies pointed out. Somewhat should be allowed rather above desert than under it, unless the boon be withheld to check the first prancings of presumption, wantonly and dangerously pushing on, ungoaded by injury or severity. But particularly should evidence and instances be adduced where accusations of plagiarism are preferred. Plagiarism, imitation, and allusion, three shades, that soften from blackness into beauty, are, by the glaring eye of the malevolent, blended into one. For the instruction of the learner, lines should be drawn between them by the dispassionate critic. I shall exemplify my idea in passages which, I apprehend, have not hitherto been remarked, from two poets the most regular and accurate. In comparison with others, they seem

greater than they really are: their lustre is clear and pure, but borrowed and reflected. Such are Racine and Pope. Opening a translation of Montaigne, I found, within few pages, two sentiments which the latter, I think, has taken and used. They are both quotations: but as they come so near together, and as Pope was a reader of modern more than of ancient literature, I am of opinion that he is indebted for them exclusively of Montaigne.

Why may not the goose say thus. "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me &c. is it not man that treats, lodges, and serves me." B. 2 ch. 12.

Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me, rise,  
My footstool earth—

While man exclaims, "see all things for my use,"

"See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose.

Now, the former part of this quotation being set apart from the remainder, and differently applied, is rather in favor of my opinion than against it.

"The extremities of our perquisition all terminate in a mist, where, as it is in charts, all that is beyond the coasts of known countries is represented to be taken



up with marshes, impenetrable forests, deserts, and places uninhabitable."

The verses that correspond with this I feel a strong conviction are in Pope, but I have looked for them in vain: however, that I may do no injustice to our poet, as in the course of my argument it will appear I am little inclined to do, I shall pass over this, which has fallen of itself, and examine only the former charge. We have seen that taking the thoughts, and even the expressions, he has divided and disposed them in a manner quite different from the original. Now, the man who steals a bag of peas, and scatters them in his garden, is no less a thief than if he kept them in the bag and hid them in his chamber; but the criminal laws, and \* those of which we are speaking, are widely different in this particular. A theft which comes under the cognisance of the former is not excused nor palliated by the use to which the thing stolen is converted: in the latter, you may steal wherever you find it convenient,—on subscribing to these conditions. First, that the property stolen be not the principal and most conspicuous part of your composition: and secondly, as others are to enjoy it, and not the mere carrier, that it loose no-

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\* The law of plagiarisim is somewhat on the Spartan model. You are punished not because you *steal*, but because you are detected, thro' want of spirit and address, in carrying off your booty.

thing of it's weight or of it's polish by the conveyance. Nothing is more polished than the style of Strada. Let us see.

“Neque enim ulli patientius reprehenduntur quam qui maximè laudari merentur.”

Here Pope, who comes again as a plagiarist, makes atonement for it by his terseness.

“Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.”

I beg pardon for one more quotation; I shall instance in this a poet seldom read, tho' of a vigorous mind and lively imagination,

When needs he must, yet faintly then, he praises,  
Somewhat the deed, but more the means, he raises,  
So marreth what he makes, and praising most dis-  
(praises.

*Personification of Envy, by Phineas Fletcher.*

It is unnecessary to retrace the celebrated character which Pope has drawn of Addison, or to hesitate, as we shall be inclined to do, in the deliberation, whether it most excels in height of colouring or in-accuracy of design. But it may be questioned whether he could have succeeded in so nice a resemblance unless he had

applied the colors which he found prepared by Fletcher. The figure drawn by Fletcher does him credit; but leaves him little higher, we see, and little more noticed, than he would have been without it: while, assisted by these lines, the character drawn by Pope—tho' Horace is more insinuating, and Persius more important, who sometimes rivals even Virgil himself in the dignity of expression and sublimity of sentiment—is enough to rank him above any other satirist in ancient or modern times. Indeed, thro' the whole of this department, he adds the observation of Donne to the vivacity of Ariosto, and gives to the sword of Juvenal the point of Boileau.

I have not exceeded here the bounds that I proposed to myself, since it became me to shew that my animadversions on Pope, arose not from any malignity, but purely from a wish to enlighten my critic by elucidating my argument.

Let us now examine Racine, and that not in places where it is indifferent whether he has borrowed or otherwise, but in the two most admirable passages of all his works.

*Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et je n' ai d' autre crainte.*

This very celebrated verse is taken from Godeau.

Qui cherche vraiment Dieu, dans lui seul se repose.  
Et qui craint vraiment Dieu, ne craint rien autre chose.

Et lave dans le sang le fer ensanglanté.

This lies on the boundaries of plagiarism, but belongs to imitation; for, the scene and action (and consequently some of the principal words) are varied. I shall present the counterpart in the language of Mr. Potter.

Wide thro' the *house* a tide of blood  
Flows where a former tide had flowed.

Eschylus. Choæphoræ. Ep. 2.

I could produce from the Tragedies of Racine, many more verses in the same predicament. Indeed it may be said of him, that, wherever you trace the steps of genius you loose the vestige of originality; for, wherever he is great, he is great by the assistance of others. Those who have borrowed the most have always been treated the best: whether it be, that men are gratified by their own ingenuity in finding out what they imagine is hidden from their neighbours, and the good humour resulting from it expands itself all around and easily remounts to it's source; or, by indulging malignity in the discovery of any thing which lessens the merit of their superiors, they feel a quiet compofure

and plenary satisfaction. In France and Germany, men of talents are received with cordiality by their brethren—In England, if their brethren look upon them, it is with a grudging eye; as upon those no otherwise connected with them than to share their fortune. There it is thought that *genius* and *wit* enhance the national glory—in England, the acquisition of *sugar* and *slaves*. There, performances of literary merit find their utmost value: more than their sterling *weight* is taken into consideration; an addition is made for *fashion*. And, if we look a century back we shall find that in our own country, too, poetry in particular, while it was current, rose marvellously above it's level. In contemporary authors we still read the praises, of Parnell, of Mallet, of Ambrose Philips, and of many others, inferior even to those; and Johnson has written the *lives* of several, whose productions would hardly gain admittance in the corner of a provincial news-paper. The biographer himself, who, whatever may have been his taste, is too weighty to be easily reprehended, seems often to rest with the greatest complacency on poets the most inelegant and feeble. One would think that, in his estimation, Collins and Gray are no higher than Addison and Pomfret. Mentioning our celebrated Essayist, it must be observed, I mention him not in that character; tho' even there, where indeed he is perfectly *at home*, I am more disposed to commend the cleanliness of his dishes than the flavour of his meat. His success, like that of



most men, is the result of keeping *within* the scope of his abilities. He had wit, yet he never could have been a Moliere; and he was penetrating in enquiry and skillful in argument, yet he never could have been a Baccaria. He is cool and dispassionate: he is therefor a good observer and a bad poet. There is something, it must be acknowledged, inexpressibly charming in the manner of his narration: there is the slyness of Cupid, and the sweetness of the Graces. This sweetness, in the affairs of a public life, was turned to win the hearts of the rich and profligate; and this slyness, in the affairs of a private one, to undermine the rising reputation of his friends, and to hoard up treasures of wealth, which Ambition, pursuing him into his family, forbade him to enjoy.

While Boileau was attacking, in Quinault and others, men of more lively fancy than his own, Pope was very well contented to place himself lower than Addison.

"The French and we still change; but, here's the curse,  
They change for better and we change for worse."

Dryden. Prol. to Span. Friar.

The poets of that country, *now*, support the imbecility of each other by mutual embraces: we, on the contrary, waste our little strength in personal animosities.

In looking over the page I have finished, I find there several *proper names* with which my critical pupil may at present be unacquainted. The reading, and afterwards giving an account, of them, may serve as a task during his next monthly vacation. For his further improvement, I shall take him on a short excursion: but, if we happen to find any other young critics *out of bounds*, I must advise him beforehand rather to attend my trial of them, than to assume my powers, or exercise my mode of punishing. I hope to deter others from error, by the outcry, which undoubtedly will be raised, of chastized temerity; and for the sake of examination, I seize upon the two that attempt to push foremost in the paths of criticism. One, whether from pride or modesty, takes the greatest pains to conceal the evidence of the religion in which he was educated. In the account of his life, which he is reported have written, no mention is made whatever of the faith which he is said to have abjured: he there descends, as the name, it is observed, announces, from an *Italian* family. He is one of the children of Israel, nevertheless, as is also announced by the name D'Israeli. I mark this circumstance not by way of reproach, for in the number of my acquaintance there is none more valuable, there is not one more lively, more inquiring, more regular, there is not one more virtuous, more beneficent, more liberal, more tender in heart or more true in friendship, than my friend Mocatta—he also is a Jew—

and because I see no important difference in religions if they produce the same effects—I merely bring it as a contrast, in this respect, to the other critic. The other, who is backward in giving in his name, declares himself, at almost every movement, a gentleman and a *christian*. The christian seems *abyssinian*; the gentleman *gascondes*. Such, in effect, is the fierce “Pursuer of Literature.” In consideration of his quality, his papers shall be examined first. If any one of these shall be found sufficient to condemn him, *capitally*, the trial, of course, will cease. Godwin, in “*The walk of a man of talents, and of a man without talents, from Temple-bar to Hyde-Park-corner*,” had said of the former, that “he consults by the aid of *memory* the books he has read, &c.” To which the Critic has, with malice, not indeed much *aforethought*, replied, that “a man of talents never *reads* in the streets.” Now Godwin had inserted the word *memory* to make it impossible, as he had reason to think, for any one to stumble into this mistake. This alone is sufficient to shew the validity of such a man’s censure, and the acuteness of his *judgement*; another is requisite to set in a proper light the object of his applause, and to estimate the delicacy of his taste. His language is, “Bion or Moschus have never exceeded these lines, I think they have never equalled them.” P. 147. 6 *Ed.*

Ἄχαρις ευγενεων, χαρις ἡ βασιληίδος αρχας,  
 Δωρα τυχας, κρυῖας Αφροδίτας καλα τα δωρα,  
 Πανθ' ἅμα ταῦτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μορσιμον αμαρ\*  
 Ηρωων κλε' ὀλωλε, και ωχλο ξυνον ες Ἀδαν.

\* Here is not a single verse, not a single expression, not a single word, that merits the slightest approbation. Let us analyze the whole. The word *χαρις*, which has a most extensive signification, serves decently well for "*the boast*" of heraldry "*the pomp*" of power.

But there is a distinction in the english which in the translation is lost. This however I shall not insist upon, weightly and with stress, being of opinion that the word *pomp* in the original is, at least, as applicable to *heraldry* as to *power*; but I am also of opinion that neither of these words is adequately represented in the Greek. Why not α after the second *χαρις* as well as after the first?

The first *δωρα* without a particle, and the next with one, on the strength, I presume, of it's adjective, are

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\* Venus Aurea and Venus averfa are put in contradistinction; because the front alone, in the Grecian statues, and that not universally, was gilded; the back of the head displaying to advantage no such decoration. The wealthier brides in Greece, even still, as travellers inform us, gild their faces on the day of marriage.

awkward in the extreme. The syllable *α*, occurring three times, without any necessity, and without the intention of giving any force, I am certain that Bion or Moschus would have waved. Greek poets are so fond of this epithet *χρυσαι*, that I should be sorry to take it away from them, but I shall venture to say that any one would have preferred

*Καλα τα δωρα τυχας, αφροδισας καλα τα δωρα.*

Should critics object that *καλα* is more applicable to the *δωρα αφροδισας* than to the *δωρα τυχας*, I should be inclined not only to question it, and, according to it's enlarged acceptation, to defend the elegance of each expression, but to reply that *χρυσας* seems here to lie on the waste, and to be common both to *αφροδισας* and *τυχας*. *In the third line three theta's with a tau between them—what a sound!*

But what shall we say of this pompous eulogium on verses, the first of which is *indistinct*; the second *monotonous*; half of the third a wretched *expletive*; half of the fourth the *same*, with the addition of one false quantity. So much for the versification.

*Ουτε φυλων τοσσηνον οσον περι πλεγμαλι γαθει.*

A verse of Theocritus which the Editor has thus translated, “*Vel (nec) fructus vineæ tantum quantum opere suo delectatur*”—but which may be construed less



paraphrastically for the Pursuer—"he is not so much pleased with the *stamina* as with the *composition*" of the verses. For we shall find on comparing them with the original, in Gray, that they present a very *faint* idea of *his* meaning, and substitute no very brilliant one of their own.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.—  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave!

The grand reflection in the fourth line, after the unusual and solemn pause in the third,—*ολωλε* indeed! If we were to hear any thing of the "*heroes*," we should have heard of them in their proper place, above. They are entirely out of their sphere in the room of this awful close, of this general grand reflection. Perhaps the whole province of translation has never produced so starveling a scion from so vigorous a root.\*

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\* I beg to add one observation more, as I may not have again so good an opportunity. Dr. Johnson says, the four stanzas beginning  
*Yet even these bones, &c.*  
are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place.

Now the *notions* are in Swift. "With regard to fame there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe

I have done with the *Pursuer*, and I open *Vaurien*—a word which may serve both for the title of the hero and for the character of the book. To avoid all appearance of fastidiousness, I shall not object to such affected words as *senility* &c.—not to *who* instead of *whom*, *he* instead of *him*, *drove* instead of *driven*. &c. Emily the heroine of the Romance, we are informed, “could give no satisfactory reason why she should prefer perfumes to ordure.” She uses this expression to elucidate a matter of choice; and a most elegant one it is, in the mouth of a young lady. It unites, indeed, the lively remark of Vespasian, much heightened and far more striking, divested of its positiveness, with all the dispassionate suspense of the natural historian, who indulges his nightly meditations, and pursues his acute research, in the philosophical city of Edinburgh. We

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*even among the vulgar how fond they are of an inscription over their grave.”*

—A passage in Swift which is deserving of remembrance, since it is a passage in which he is amiable. I lament not so much this oversight, as that so little praise is awarded to a poem, which is not only an honor to our language, but which, as competitors with the moderns of other countries, or even with the ancients, we should select the first; and which, had the author not listened to an injudicious friend, who was vain enough to imagine he had made a grand discovery in shewing that, instead of *Stanzas*, it might be called an *Elegy*, and caused to be admitted in the room of a proper close, a wretched thing called an epitaph, destroying by this the unity of the piece, would have been the most perfect, as it is the most generally engaging, of poetical compositions.

see how a lady who is brought before us as a model of delicacy, acquits herself. The author also makes a man whom he holds up to our ridicule, speak justly and sensibly in favor of the Jews. Let it pass. But I will not admit that "*every government must be good which is supportable.*" (p. 282. v. 2.) For every thing must be supportable, which has been, and may indefinitely be, supported. Now, the Turkish, the Moorish, and Irish governments—but, one of them is past. "*Like Virgil, as your Addison says, the fellow tosses his dung about him with some effect.*" Addison's is nonsense, and so is this, but this is not Addison's. Virgil, tossing the dung about with some effect, would be doing no more than any common farmer; for, whether tossed by *him* or by Virgil, we must naturally suppose that the dung would have some *effect*.

*"Or Turkish platforms or Tartarean halls."*

Tartarean is, or ought to be, exclusively the adjective of *Tartarus*. *Tartar* is used both as substantive and adjective: it is properly the latter; for, when we say a Tartar, the substantive *man* is understood, unless preceded by some other substantive; as, "that horse is a *tartar*,"—which plainly shews that we assume a kind of licence when we use it absolutely as a substantive. At all events, ought not *Tartarus* to have an adjective of it's own.

*"Profound their seas, and deep their pearl-beds rise."*

Who has ever heard of any thing rising deep?

*He meets his peers, and blames their loitering way  
Making such little speed since yesterday.* 183

When he had reason, apparently, to blame them for going so far before him; they having journeyed ten days which seemed to him only as one.

*The light waves dash the cool lake of Cashmere.  
Who by their true loves' black eyes sweetly swear.*

Here are long syllables where should be short. In strong and vigorous verses the *fore-feet* may sometimes be a little impeded, but, if *time* be our concern, we would rid the hinder quarters, as much as possible of incumbrance. The words "*cool lake*," and "*black eyes*," pronounced as they must be, if any respect be had to the rythm, produce a most ludicrous effect.

*Nothing moved but the gliding shadows.* 71

What made the shadows glide then?—I am so fatigued with transcribing, tho' indeed I have transcribed very few comparatively of the passages I had marked, they generally being false grammer, that I shall only

advise Mr. D'. to correct at least the latter of these faults, before he passes sentence in so flippant a manner on men of superior genius. "*Our hero*," and "*our lovers*," are terms which should never be employed in any impassioned description or in any serious narrative. They destroy at one breath the most brilliant enchantments of fiction. The author attributes to a boy and girl ‡ the invention of the arts, and most of them are discovered in the space of a very few hours. There never was a greater absurdity, either in Spanish poetry or Flemish painting: and yet this is the author to whom the "*Monk*" appears to have been planned by a *child*. It is probable that my opinion of the

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‡ But tho' a boy and girl could invent all the arts, in as little time as is requisite to exhibit a puppet-show, yet Anacreon could not compose his own poems. These were the works, Mr. D. insinuates, of the Editor —whom he familiarly calls Henry Stephens. Here let me inform this gentleman that, tho' Scholars have sometimes taken this liberty, it is not allowed to other *folks*. He might as well call Cicero Vetch, and Fabius Maximus, *Broad Bean*. Either Henri Etienne, which was his name, or Henricus Stephanus, as he wrote it in latin, is the proper term. We cannot suppose that, coming over to England, he would have called himself Henry Stephens. The same advice, a little varied, must be given to another writer. Why should *Des Cartes* be still *Cartesius* in an english page? Why should the reverend Gentleman make an apology for inventing the words *philosophist* and *philosophism*; when the apology was made and the words invented, in french, at least, more than a century ago. If any were requisite, it would be on the score of redundancy, since *sophist* and *sophism* serve equally well.



"*Monk*," respecting it's faults, is nearly the same as it's Author's. But there are passages both of surprising beauty and exquisite design. I abominate ghosts and goblins, yet there is something in "*Alonzo the Brave*" that not only disarms one of frowns but seduces one into terrors: and as to the "*Exile*," \* we have not a poet left amongst us who has hitherto shewn it's equal. Far different from such a pure and animated composition are those I have just reviewed. With the

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\* Yet the "*Exile*" has it's faults. The metre, so admirably well chosen,—for our ordinary elegiac is rather solemn than plaintive,—is not equally well maintained. The usual and expected variation of cadence, from *eleven* syllables in the first to *ten* in the second line, is broken twice or thrice. The word "*hour*," sometimes a dissyllable in Shakespear, is singularly unfortunate, being used in this manner by the vulgar. "*Spires*," is drawn out so, too. It would have been better if the metre had been infringed at once, than partially defended by unskillful custom. "*Bowers, towers*," are monosyllables in verse. But a sound, which, in the middle of a line, may be deemed too feeble to support itself, may however be found sufficient at the close. The Italians, whose ear is so accurate, have not only admitted this fact, but admitted it as a principle. In "*mio, desio*" &c. that which any-where else has the power of simply one syllable, at the conclusion forms *invariably* two. I have ventured, on this consideration, to place the name "*Amphyllion*" at the conclusion of a verse, and am not without hope that it will make a good defence. I thought that I was doing it but justice, in conferring on it rank and power neither more nor less in an english iambic than it would indisputably claim in it's native greek. Added to which I was countenanced and supported by a modern versification, in numbers and discipline conformable to our own.

finery, and affectation there is also in the language of this author the coarseness and vulgarity of a prostitute. The warmer descriptions, in which he is fond of indulging, are gross and heavy. You are not permitted to remain at a distance, where the fancy may pry securely, but instead of the soft indistinct indescribable ideas, the various and evanescent shades,—which lest your breath should scatter, you breathe softly, timidly,—you are dragged reluctantly forward, you must examine the very pulse and panting, the very sweat and pores, of passion. The shew-man's glass is held close before your eye; the *catalogue of Sundries* is commenced; and attention, which staggers, is excited and held up by perpetual jerks of flippancy. In this exhibition, his hero and heroine learn a notable lesson from a pair of swans, which, tho' simple in itself, is made intricate and perplexing by the peculiarity of the preceptors, and, to be rendered practically instructive, requires a new arrangement. But the author is determined to lose no opportunity of imitating and amplifying. A couple of tame rabbits would have attended him at home on reasonable terms, and have instructed his pupils just as well, yet he could not refrain from going out of his way and consulting the sacred swans. Sacred I call them; for none can ever have been more so than those under the genius of Buffon. The poet of France, who neither says too little nor too much, and says every thing better than any other could say, should

have protected them from this unseasonable intrusion. Compare the description of the natural historian with that of the Romance writer. Compare the poetry of the latter with that of Mr. Lewis. Instead of a whole that is graceful and compact, and cloathed in simple words, but elegant, free, and flowing, we have here an ill-concocted mass, which has gathered in it's formation some glittering pebbles, only to increase it's unevenness and throw sufficient light on it's deformity. The abrupt transposition and whimsical arrangement of extracts often beautiful, reminds me of a certain old gentleman who cut into pieces two or three fine mirrors for the purpose of panneling a water-closet. I shall conclude with one short observation: that, the thoughts of other men which are taken and expressed on the spot, are very different from those which have lain sometime, and by degrees been mellowed in the memory. They are rather, for the most part, contortions than combinations. If Genius be absent, it is only the maturity of time that can give things form and facility.



RESIDING many miles from the town where *Gebir* was printed, and without the advantage of an established post, the Author was unable to superintend the press. In consequence of this, the errata, marked and unmarked, are numerous. Besides, the Preface sent was incomplete. Another more correct was blotted: hence the mistake. But the greatest fault was the result of his own irresolution. In Book 7. the following lines <sup>were</sup> written—not without alterations since—but at the moment of sending them to the Printer, when the Author was leaving the country, the boldness of personification made him drop them. They have left an abruptness, much heightened by two typographical errors.

“Against colonization in peopled countries.  
It’s success mere chance. All nature is favorable to equal.  
Dissuades from repletion. Abhors avoid.” (lity.

Driven with that weak blast which Winter leaves,  
Closing his palace-gates on Caucasus,  
Oft hath a berry risen forth a shade :  
From the same parent plant, another lies  
Deaf to the daily call of weary hind—  
Zephyrs pass by, and laugh at his distress.

By every lake's and every river's side  
 The Nymphs and Naids teach Equality:  
 In voices gently querulous they ask  
 "Who would with aching head and toiling arms  
 Bear the full pitcher to the distant stream?  
 Who would, of power intent on high emprise,  
 Deem less the praise to fill the vacant gulph  
 Than raise Charybdis upon Ætna's brow?"  
 Amidst her darkest caverns most retired,  
 Nature calls forth her filial elements  
 To close around and crush that monster Void—  
 Fire, springing fierce from his resplendent throne,  
 And Water, dashing the devoted wretch  
 Woundless and whole with iron-color'd mace,  
 Or whirling headlong in his war-belts folds.

Mark well the lesson, Man! and spare thy kind;  
 Go, from their midnight darkness wake the woods,  
 Woo the lone forest in her last retreat—  
 Many still bend their beauteous heads unblest,  
 And sigh aloud for elemental man.  
 Thro' palaces and porches, evil eyes  
 Light upon e'en the wretched, who have fled  
 The house of bondage, or the house of birth: &c.



THIS volume has pretty well escaped the errors of the press; but the author thinks it unfair to overlook some passages which may be less satisfactory to the reader. Tho' the copies have long been printed off, he determined that they should not be given to the public till he had solved that question in particular which relates to the second quotation from Montaigne. The beautiful idea which it exhibits, he feels a satisfaction in not having insisted on as a mark of Pope's imitation. It is, however, to be found in an author, he will not say whose works have been printed and bound up with (for that alone could create no confusion) but whose works are read and compared with, and whose studies and opinions, affections and antipathies, are very much the same with Pope's. It is in Swift.

So Geographers in Afric maps  
With savage pictures fill their gaps;  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns.

Quos nunc adibis? Hesperios viros? p. 57.

The scholar may object that the last syllable in *adibis* is short. I wave the force of the aspirate behind

it, and would remark the liberties which Horace takes at the conclusion of the first Hemistich. Not to mention *consilium* (B. 3. Ode 4.) *principium* (Book 3. Ode 6.) as the close of two, I fix upon that which lies between them,

Si non periret immiserabilis, &c.

Si foret illa Jovis. p. 60.

Some would prefer *esset*. Si Jovis esset avis.



Red Hat  
Felt

( 111 )

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the  
 only way to get the most out of a book is to  
 read it from cover to cover. This is not the case.  
 The best way to get the most out of a book is to  
 read it in a way that suits your own needs and  
 interests. This may mean reading it in a different  
 order, or skipping some parts, or reading it  
 several times. The important thing is to read it  
 in a way that helps you to understand it better.

12. 1912. 10. 10.

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